TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The two exclusively evening papers of this city have been and are very busy in defending their favorite contractors and in assailing others. The *Telegram* had its innings when it proved that there was something wrong with the work the Farquhars had done on College street. At that time I laid my congratulations at the feet of the *Telegram*, believing that it had accomplished a very good and necessary work. I think that popular pleasure in the object gained was lessened somewhat, later on, by the continuous persecution the Farquhars were made to suffer, and when, still more recently, the *Telegram*, which had achieved a reputation as a defender of the faith in matters of pavement, became a boomer as well as a critic. It seemed to be superintending the operations of the Warren-Scharff Pavement Company, bull-dozing those who were opposed to the American contractors and brow-beating everyone who refused to bow to the will of a party of outsiders whose price was extortionate, because of a combine or monopoly in which they were influential. So successful had the *Telegram* become in its operations that Assistant Engineer Cunningham, perhaps because he dreaded the lash or fearful that he might be persecuted out of his position, appears to have joined hands with the *Telegram*-Warren-Scharff outfit. At any rate his conduct with regard to the Sherbourne street pavement was not such as citizens should expect from a paid servant whose duty it is to protect their interest and not to take it for granted that contractors are too honest to scamp their work. Examination proved, and the *Telegram* is forced to admit, that the putting in of the curbing was very much scamped indeed between Carlton and Bloor streets, no gravel at all having been found either beneath or behind the curb stones. South of Carlton street, which was laid after the agitation had begun, the curbing was found to be in somewhat better condition. The concrete and general road bed, of which complaint has been made, have not been examined, but the remarkable phase of the whole business has been the *Telegram's* persistent denunciation of those who allege that its favorites had not come up to the specifications. Bitterly as it denounced the Farquhars for bad work, its violence was exceeded by the abuse it heaped upon those who dared suspect the Warren-Scharff paviors of doing dishonest work. When at last the angry citizens of Sherbourne street procured an investigation and as far as it went had proved the charges made, the *Telegram* admitted that there were slight deficiencies which had perhaps saved the contractors four or five hundred dollars and suggested that this amount be deducted from their bill. This proposition is preposterously at variance with the stern virtue which the same critic assumed when handling a home contractor. It is an absurd proposition under any circumstances. Perhaps the gravel necessary for the curbing could be procured for four or five hundred dollars, but if the City Engineer and the Board of Works do their duty they will see that the Warren-Scharff Company not only provide the gravel but put it where it belongs which will cost them three or four thousand dollars perhaps. If contractors who are discovered slighting their work are to be let off by simply paying for the material they have left out, thieves should be set at large when they return their booty to its rightful owner. If the concrete in the roadway is found soft and useless will the *Telegram* urge that the contractors shall be permitted to palm off the pavement on the Sherbourne street property-owners by simply paying for the cement which was not used, but without which the quality of the pavement is materially injured. Certainly the contrary would be true. The residents will insist on the bad concrete being taken up and good put down, no matter what it costs the contractor, and they should insist on the curbing being taken up and gravel put where it belongs. After a violent attack of virtue the citizens of Toronto are deeply pained to see the *Telegram* backsliding in its present fashion.

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The outcry against the over-officious policemen who arrested Dr. Adam Wright will probably have but little effect in making our semi-military force understand that the citizens are not the vassals of the policemen. A few repetitions however of similar conduct will bring together that large body of citizens who at some time or other have been insulted by policemen. There are hundreds of reputable citizens in Toronto who have the numbers if not the names of policemen written down, and attached to the memoranda are very bitter recollections of unwarranted impertinences, and when the proper time comes these men will be the basis of an organization for the suppression of bumptious officers. Physically our force is made up of men who are magnificently proportioned and I am of the opinion that a very great majority of the men know how to behave themselves and are not anxious to make trouble, but the small minority appear to have an idea that they are better than the people and that their duty consists in making themselves disagreeable whenever an opportunity presents itself of showing their authority. These men will be quickly convinced of their error if every unoffending citizen who is insulted forthwith writes a letter to the Commissioners stating the circumstances, giving the number of the policeman and offering privately to substantiate the truth of his complaint. Respectable men do not desire to be held up to view as having had trouble with the police. There are always uncharitable and censorious people who will believe that unless a man is doing something radically wrong, the police will never interfere with him; and it is to avoid this sort of criticism that so many have suffered in silence.

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It will be a severe reflection on the management of the police force if those hoodlums who threw stones at the Archbishop's carriage are not discovered and brought to justice. A reward should be offered for their apprehension, sufficiently large to tempt those who were witnesses of the affair to come forward and assist the police in securing a conviction. Until an example is made of the miscreants, Toronto will rest under the imputation of being a fanatical city, and there will be some reason in the allegation which has frequently been made that our policemen are not in the habit of being present when stones are being thrown at Roman Catholics.

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In the last issue of the *Bystander*, Mr. Goldwin Smith remarks that the lust of scandal is becoming a madness and "a scandal of aristocracy above all is luscious." This is admittedly true. The publicity given to the misdoings of the aristocracy is however but reaching the extreme opposite to the period when it was considered treason to expose the goings on of the nobility. But I cannot imagine how Mr. Goldwin Smith can defend the idea expressed in the following sentence: "It was a sad disappointment when the jury acquitted the Earl of Galloway of a disgusting offence though a conviction would have brought misery not only on him but on a family too high placed to escape the pointed finger of malignity." The only disappointment I saw expressed was that the jury should bring in a verdict so opposed to the evidence, and if we are to follow the method of acquitting men charged with vile offences because misery would be brought on families too high placed to escape the pointed finger of malignity, what are we to do with men who are not high placed but whose families are as capable of suffering as if they were "nobly" born? Frequently indeed juries are implored to bring in a verdict in favor of some rascal because his relatives would suffer shame if he were convicted. Is there to be one law for those who are high placed and have relatives who shrink from the pointed finger of malignity, and another for those who are low placed and are without influential relatives? The complaint made by the English papers which denounced the Galloway verdict is that there is one law for the high born and another for the low born. This appears to them a rank injustice and I imagine that despite Mr. Goldwin Smith's sophistries on this point Canadians generally are of the opinion that one law should be good enough for all.

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Scandals with their disgusting details, court trials which disclose the infelicities of families, shocking murders and the harrowing particulars of hangings, are esteemed the richest fare of newspaper can offer its readers. No better proof of this could be given than the minutiæ with which poor Harvey's death struggles were described in the city press, some of the papers going so far as to give rude illustrations of the scaffold, the noose and the murderer himself. It was exceedingly revolting. The government should refuse to afford reporters an opportunity of writing such degrading particulars. The fact that a man is hanged, that the proper officials were there to see that life was extinct, is all that is necessary. Yet, while thoroughly believing with those who object to scandal mongering, it must be admitted that the newspapers have become greater deterrents to open social vices than the law itself. There are thousands of things left undone which would be done if men and women were not afraid of the newspapers. While some good is thus accomplished, it is doubtless more than nullified by the degrading effect on the public mind of continually having before it the prurient scandals in the daily press.

* * *

During this protracted confinement in my room I have amused Mr. S. I. Attica and myself by looking over a lot of old papers, and I find that just twelve years ago to day I was at a hacienda on the Rio del Florida, a picturesque little river, at that point, about four hundred miles south of the Rio Grande. A roundup of sixty thousand head of cattle was to be begun on the morrow, and nearly all the peons on that vast estate had gathered at the hacienda to take part in it, in many instances bringing their wives and youngsters with them. I have never seen a wilder or more beautiful spot than the mountain side which gave to the hacienda the name of the "Hundred Rocks." Those who have never enjoyed moonlight effects in the sub-tropics cannot imagine the beauty of that scene. There seemed to be a glimmer of the day mingling with the mystery and mellow tones of night. The shadows were deep and dark around the upturned rocks and in the nooks of the plaza formed by the out-buildings and casas in which the peons were quartered. From beneath us came the murmur of the river as its limpid but shallow waters struggled through the boulders which lined the bottom of the river canyon. While mountain, rock and river lent grandeur to the scene the low adobe dwellings with their flat roofs, unglazed wind ws and open doors suggested the problem of human happiness amongst a people whose lives are at once simple and fantastic. Reclining on their gaudy serapas, or leaning against the walls, four score peons were smoking their cigarettes, apparently content with wages not better than twenty-five cents a day and clothing which when new would not cost over half a dollar. A cotton shirt and trowsers to match, a pair of sandals on the feet constituted the costume of one of these cow herds, all their extra expenditure seeming to have been devoted to the many-hued blanket and the silver-mounted sombrero; a knife their only weapon, and a lariat their only stock in trade, the horses they rode, the hair bridle and the miserable saddle, and their souls, indeed, were the property of the rich Don, who, swinging in his hammock before the dining-room door, watched the scene with the interest which comes of ownership. The women sat affectionately close to the men, their great dark eyes, in which there is always a pathetic look as if they dimly remembered a time in the history of their race and a place where once they dwelt and had been happy, looked gently up to their companions. As the shadows moved and the moonlight displayed these picturesque groups, someone began to sing and over a hundred voices took up the air. It was one of those strange, highly pitched part-songs, weirdly attractive in itself and doubly so amid such surroundings. Don Romero, at our request, induced them to sing several others, and then the *major domo* came forward with a request that "los Americanos" repay them by singing one of their songs. The Americanos in question were seven cow boys and myself, and it can be easily imagined that our musical repertoire was not extensive. One of the boys sang Sweet Kitty from Pike and two of the others joined in the chorus. Another young man, with a very weak and wavering voice, sang Mabel Clare. A red bearded gentleman, recently from California, delivered himself of the Miner's Lament, in a voice loud enough to remove any one of the hundred rocks from its resting place, but the Mexicans were not satisfied. They wanted a part song in which all the American senors would join. The gentleman with the red beard had been a class leader in Indiana, and though he had frequently and seriously fallen from grace he still remembered Nearer My God to Thee, and six out of the eight were able to join with him in singing it. This was followed by Jesus Lover of my Soul, and strangely enough in our party of eight there was but one who was not familiar with the words. The singing may have been a little out of tune, but it was wonderfully impressive and it delighted the Mexicans. Again the *major domo* approached and inquired on behalf of his constituents if the last two songs were not religious. I told him they were. He further inquired if they were Protestant. I told him not necessarily; that Catholics could sing them just as properly as anyone else. He returned still again and asked that I should tell him the story of the last one—what it was about. In very bad Spanish—but it was the best I had with me—I described the circumstances under which the hymn was written; that a priest—he would not have understood if I used the word preacher—endeavoring to escape from the persecution of fanatics had hid behind a hedge, and there had composed the wonderfully beautiful words. As well as I could I conveyed to his mind the connection of the words with his defenceless position, and his appeal to God for protection. It took me probably fifteen or twenty minutes to mutilate enough Spanish to convey a dim impression of my meaning to the *major domo*. At last he was satisfied, and went back to the other end of the plaza, where, in a few moments, he was surrounded by all the peons. Feeling somewhat curious to hear his version of the story as he translated it, I followed him and for half an hour, listened to one of the most wildly imaginative tales I ever heard. I could understand the language a little better than I could talk it, and it made my blood run cold to hear that dusky orator describe poor Wesley fleeing from his persecutors singing this hymn and calling upon God to protect him from the heretics, how a flaming sword had dropped in amongst them and cut off innumerable heads (there must have been some error about my verbs relating to "defenceless head"), and he wound up by saying that the arms of the saint were transformed into wings and he flew away leaving his enemies prostrate upon the ground. This was the tale of "San Wasla" as it was told the crowd and if it is not told amongst those peons of Sinaola to this day I am very much surprised. They see so few people from the outer world they are apt to remember stories of that sort. I wonder how many other legends have acquired some of their most attractive and striking features under similar circumstances.

"I TOLD YOU SO."

* * *

Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia delivered an address at Quebec on Tuesday evening in which he spoke strongly in favor of Canadian Independence. This gentleman seems very versatile in matters of opinion and not long ago was an advocate of Annexation, though now he says there is an unconquerable repugnance on the part of the Canadian people to merging their existence into that of the United States. He expressed his belief that there was no feeling on the part of French-Canadians in favor of a separate French-Canadian nationality, though how he could say this to an audience which had recently heard an expression of opinion from local orators that Quebec is already a French and Catholic nation I cannot understand. Indeed one cannot apprehend the vagaries of some so-called Liberal politicians, who say, with unparalleled effrontery, one thing to-day and exactly the reverse to-morrow. If Mr. Longley had inquired of the French-Canadians in his audience what three things they would primarily demand in the making of a constitution for the Republic of Canada, he would have been convinced that Independence is much more of a dream than Imperial Federation. Supposing that Canada declared her independence and that Great Britain dismissed her from the family of her colonies with her blessing, the first thing to be done would be to frame a written constitution. We will imagine that a convention of delegates from the various provinces are gathered together to frame that constitution. Quebec, we may be sure, would ask greater privileges than she now enjoys, the maritime provinces might consent to have her retain her present status, but certainly neither Ontario, Manitoba nor British Columbia would think for a moment of permitting her to exercise in the new nation any such disturbing influence as she has done in the past. It would be impossible for the provinces to unite on a constitution similar to that of the United States in which all connection between Church and State is absolutely forbidden and where public education is thoroughly secularized. Federation was brought about by a series of compromises, every principle and element of stability in Federation was sacrificed, therefore in making a new constitution compromise having gone as far as it possibly can the reorganization would necessitate the lopping off of special privileges and a declaration of one law and equal rights for all. He who imagines that Quebec would quietly submit to that must verily be a dreamer.

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The Young Liberals of Toronto have been discussing the same topic. Mr. M. G. Cameron gave an able and quite lengthy address on the subject. He believes that Canada's prosperity has been retarded by our inability to make our own commercial treaties. I am unaware of the grounds upon which he bases his assertion that if we had this power we could obtain more valuable terms than Great Britain can obtain for us. Treaties of that sort are made on the basis of self-interest. If it is to the interest of any country to have a treaty with us they could very quickly arrange it. The only other compelling motive would be fear, and as an independent nation I do not imagine that we would immediately strike terror into the hearts of France and Spain and such other countries as we have been negotiating with. We could not obtain better terms than the most "favored nation" and I imagine that Great Britain's commercial treaties with these countries are on that basis. If the United States is willing to negotiate a reciprocity treaty no doubt she would give us entrance to her markets, not that she loves us, but because she thinks it would do her more good than it would Canada, and I do not believe that the Commercial Unionists are advocating it for the good of the United States. Under the National Policy we are trying to build up a self-supporting nation, a nation which will manufacture its own goods as well as till the soil and maintain agriculture as its chief industry. If we are to abandon the principle of protection it will be much better to make a special arrangement to trade with Great Britain than one to trade with the United States. Two farmers whose lands lie side by side have few dealings with one another for the simple reason that both are engaged in the same pursuits and one has little to sell which the other desires to buy. The farmer's trade is chiefly with the merchant. Amongst the great family of nations, Great Britain is the merchant and Canada is to a great extent the farmer. Uncle Sam runs a farm and a store both. He would like to sell us his goods without buying ours, but that would be a very one-sided arrangement and one which I imagine the Canadian people desire to avoid.

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Whatever it may be, Imperial Federation, Independence or Annexation, it is evident that the public mind is disturbed. Recent agitations have shown us that we cannot long pursue our present policy of continually quarrelling amongst ourselves. The interests of the provinces seem unalterably opposed and our Parliament is little more than a game of grab to see which can seize the largest share of the public fund. There must be an end to such things and a number of the newspapers are prophesying that that end will come when Sir John ceases by his personal influence and vast experience to hold the disjointed fragments together. It is useless to disguise the fact that Great Britain's attitude towards Imperial Federation and the re-iterated assurance of her public men that nothing affecting her free trade policy will be tolerated in any scheme for more closely uniting the colonies, have discredited the idea amongst a vast number of young men who might have been attracted to the magnificent idea of a vast British Empire in which we should have a noble and self-governing part. Nor would it be of use to endeavor to belittle the growing feeling in favor of Independence among the younger and and most ambitious part of the community, though I believe it is a feeling which untoward events might rapidly change into a clamor for Annexation. If British statesmen comprehend this feeling which is so rapidly developing in both Canada and Australia, they are either slow in finding out and showing to the young nations a brighter future, or else they are inexcusably careless and are neglecting their su-

premest duty. If Canada and Australia are to be saved to the Empire, a movement looking towards Imperial Federation, with substantial inducements to both colonies, must be begun at once. Such a movement would be welcomed, and unless the loyalty upon which we have prided ourselves is only from the teeth outward, both of these great colonies would be willing to make as great, if not greater, sacrifices for the good of the Empire than Great Britain herself would be called upon to make.

* * *

The *Globe's* motive in agitating so vigorously for the reprieve of Harvey is becoming apparent now that it is trying to connect the punishment of the Guelph murderer with that of Riel as a second instance of judicial murder perpetrated by Minister of Justice Thompson. Party warfare in Toronto has reached some pretty low depths, but nothing more indefensible has been suggested than the resurrection of the bones of Riel by means of a hypocritical clamor for the life of a condemned murderer on the ground that he is insane. The *Globe* was once hysterically anxious for the execution of Riel and its hysteria lasted till it became evident that the government intended to permit his execution to take place if the jury found him guilty. Then it became lachrymose and finally violent because an insane man was to be executed. Knowing the eccentric course of the paper one can easily conceive that had Harvey been murdered on the ground of insanity the Grit organ would have been furious over the thought that the Minister of Justice would do this for a non-political person after having refused to show similar leniency towards Riel. The Minister having refused, the *Globe* has nothing left to do but abuse the Minister for hanging a second lunatic. It is a good thing that the Minister is not instructed to hang all lunatics or surely the editor of the *Globe* would not escape.

* * *

Vicar-General Rooney, chairman of the Separate School Board, is much esteemed by the Catholics of Toronto, and amongst the Protestants he has thousands of friends, among whom I hope his Reverence will always esteem me as one. Because of this personal liking and admiration for the stern, unyielding, but thoroughly devoted nature of this industrious and zealous priest, I take the liberty of calling his attention to the fact that the scenes enacted in the Separate School Board are displaying him in an unpleasant light, and leading both the Catholics and Protestants of Toronto to believe that he is stubborn and tyrannical. I, perhaps, may make free to tell him with a candor which one of his parishioners might not affect, that his present stand is bringing about the end which he is endeavoring to defeat. I cannot regret this because I believe that the trustees who have formed an opposition party in the School Board are right, that the ballot in Separate School elections must eventually be brought about and that clerical control has been far too marked in the management of the Separate Schools. My only regret is a personal one, and it is shared by many of the Rev. Father Rooney's parishioners as well as by those Protestants who know and admire Father Rooney because of his worth. Since the contests have been going on over this question a liberal Catholic party has been rapidly forming in Toronto; one which is not particularly in favor of Separate Schools under any circumstances, but which has already advanced to the point of demanding thorough competence in the teachers and non-interference at the elections of trustees. If the point is not gracefully yielded continued opposition will be the means of adding fuel to the flames, the building up of an organization which may mean an open revolt against all clerical interference in matters not directly spiritual. In the preliminary struggles the liberal faction in the School Board has been successful, the clerical party has been made ridiculous, the notice of motion from a very mild mannered document has grown into something very like a petition to the Legislature and so the movement will grow and feed upon the opposition which it meets. DON.

Social and Personal.

Before this appears in print the great ball of the Toronto Club will be a thing of the past. The affair has been much discussed and anticipated, and every indication goes to show that it will prove an unbounded and brilliant success. The Toronto Club is probably the largest and most wealthy institution of the kind in Canada, while it is certainly one of the oldest. The new and magnificent club house is certainly unequalled in the Dominion, and without many rivals on the continent. It is to celebrate its opening and to "warm the house" that the ball has been undertaken. The arrangements have been in the hands of a large and efficient committee, who have spared no efforts to make the occasion a memorable one; their success will doubtless have met with unlimited applause last night. An extended account of this important event will appear next Saturday.

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Sir James and Lady Grant and the Misses Grant of Ottawa have been staying in town this week. These distinguished visitors were brought here in order to participate in a happy and brilliant event, namely the marriage of Dr. Grant to Miss Macdonald, daughter of Senator Macdonald.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collett of Edinburgh, Scotland, are staying with relations on Beverley street.

*

Mr. A. Harvey of London, England has been spending a fortnight in town. Mr. Harvey has left for the west *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Mullock of St. John, N. B., are staying with friends on St. George street.

*

Hon. Sandford Fleming of Ottawa was in town last week and attended the St. Andrew's Society dinner at the Queen's Hotel.

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It is with great regret that a large circle of Captain Wise's friends and acquaintances in Toronto will hear that he was unable to obtain an extension of leave, and that he left Ottawa last week for England *en route* to join his regiment, the Scottish Rifles, in India. Captain Wise was a constant visitor to Toronto, both in his official capacity with the General, and as a private individual, and was as popular here as in Ottawa. Sir Frederic Middleton has appointed Mr. Eric Streatfeild his A. D. C. in Captain Wise's place. Mr. Streatfeild is a brother of Captain Streatfeild, the late military secretary to Lord Lansdowne in Canada, he is also a brother of Mrs. Colville, the wife of the present popular military secretary, the Hon. Captain Colville. A correspondent in Ottawa tells me that Captain Wise is greatly mourned, he was an indefatigable organizer of every sort of amusement and gaiety, and his tandem driving was the admiration of the capital.

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Mr. and Mrs. Freeman of Victoria, B.C., are staying with friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman leave next week for England, *via* New York.

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Mr. P. C. Goldingham has returned to town from New York.

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The Misses Barrow of Sherbourne street have returned to town after an absence of three years, which they have spent chiefly in "finishing" on the continent of Europe.

*

Mr. and Miss Atkins left this week for England by way of New York. Mr. and Miss Atkins will be away from town for a year or more.

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On Tuesday afternoon last a large company gathered in the Yonge street Methodist Church to witness the marriage of Miss Lucie Elizabeth Macdonald to Dr. James Grant of Ottawa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. V. Smith, assisted by Rev. Dr. Potts.

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The bride was attired in an elegant gown of white ottoman silk. She wore a veil and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaids, Miss Winifred Macdonald and Miss Gwen Grant, wore white merviller, tulle veils and natural flowers, carrying bouquets of yellow roses and white hyacinths. The groomsman was Mr. Ned Grant.

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The guests were: Sir James and Lady Grant of Ottawa, Hon. Frank Smith, Mrs. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow of Halifax, Col. and Mrs. Severs of London, Mr. George Alcorn of Picton, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Hyniman, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Macdonald, Mr. James Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, Mr. W. Hendry of Hamilton, Mr. and Miss Shanly, Miss Douglas, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins, Dr. and Mrs. Potts, Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. and Miss Arthurs, Mr. Alex. and Miss Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Rev. J. V. and Mrs. Smith, Rev. G. J. Bishop, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Larratt-Smith, Mr. Hooper, Miss Driscoll, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Fisken, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alcorn, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. James Cochran of Ottawa, the Misses Gunther, Mr. Evans, Miss Thorburn, Miss Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Miss Watson, Miss Miall, Hon. and Mrs. Sandford Fleming, Mr. Geo. Hodgins, the Misses Meredith, Mr. Blackstock.

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Among the wedding gifts, elegant and many, these were noted: A traveling-bag, with toilet appointments mounted in silver, from the bride's mother; table silver, from Lady Grant; silver candelabra from the officers of the Foot Guards in Ottawa; handsome marble clock, dessert set, silver service, five o'clock tea-kettle, many pieces of silver, Worcester, Crown Derby and Doulton.

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Repairing to Oakland after the ceremony, Dr. and Mrs. Grant received the congratulations of their friends and left Toronto for New York by the 4.55 train.

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The lecture room of Bloor street Presbyterian Church was well filled on the evening of Friday, November 29, to hear Principal Macintyre read selections from As You Like It. Mr. Macintyre has a pleasing voice, and his changeful facial expression and happy touches of humor in his rendering, won for him rapt attention and earnest applause. Instrumental and vocal numbers varied the programme, and the audience departed with a thorough appreciation of this the first of the series of readings and lectures in connection with the Young Ladies' Presbyterian College.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow of Halifax, are paying a visit to the latter's parents—Senator and Mrs. Macdonald, Oakland.

*

Mrs. Haggarty of Simcoe street gave a dinner party on Tuesday evening.

*

Mrs. Mason gave a young people's dance on Tuesday evening, at her residence, Sherbourne street.

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Miss Madge King-Dodds' friends will be glad to learn that she is convalescent after her severe illness of the past fortnight.

*

Miss Wilkes of Gloucester street entertained a large company of friends on Wednesday evening last.

*

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Manning and Mr. Hume Blake.

*

At her residence, Wellesley street, Mrs. Thompson gave a delightful At Home, on Wednesday.

*

Mrs. John Worthington of Queen's Park and her daughter, Mrs. Elwood, left on Wednesday for Chicago. They will stay at the Palmer House there for the winter. Misses Mary and Eilene Elwood accompany their mother.

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Shrewsbury Lodge, the handsome home of Mrs. H. K. Merritt, was thronged with guests last Saturday. Mrs. Merritt was giving an At Home and welcomed, from 4 to 7 o'clock, between two and three hundred. The hostess wore a tea gown of pale blue satin de Lyon, with effective application of black feather trimming. Harpers furnished music and with it and gay conversation, social merriment was at its height. Among those present were: Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Forbes Robinson, Miss Hodgins, the Misses Seymour, Miss Vankoughnet, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. MacMahon, Major Harrison, Miss Meredith, Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Miss Connie Brough, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Bromley Davenport.

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A pleasant affair was the dance given by Miss Massie at the Warden's residence on Tuesday evening to the University Glee Club. Among those present were Miss McArthur, the Misses Burns, the Misses Wylie, Miss Donald, Miss Symons, Miss Jennie McArthur, Miss Gray, the Misses Persse, Miss Louie Aikens, Miss Milligan, the Misses Sweetman, the Misses Steele, Miss Jones, the Misses Hall, Miss Aileen Doyle, and Messrs. Burns, J. Martin, Hugh Rose, Johnston, Ashworth, Donald, Boultbee, Fairclough, Thompson, Peet, Dockray, Laventure and Thorpe.

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Wednesday being the monthly reception day at Government House, was taken advantage of by a great many society people to pay their respects at the gubernatorial mansion. The callers numbered nearly a thousand people.

*

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer will give an At Home on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 11, at her residence, Kenmore, on Bloor street.

*

Mrs. and Miss Castle of Cobourg, have taken up their residence in Toronto. Their new home is 17 Washington avenue.

*

Mrs. Scarth of Wilcox street will entertain a few friends at five o'clock tea this afternoon.

*

Miss Madge Barrett of Winnipeg is in the city attending the Conservatory of Music. While in Toronto, she is the guest of the Misses O'Connor of Gerrard street.

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Miss Seymour of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer.

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Mrs. Richards of Vancouver, B. C., is visiting Mrs. Mowat.

*

Mrs. Arthur Spragge returns from Donald, B. C., next week, and will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron.

*

The Associated Artists' At Home on Tuesday evening was a very pleasant affair. The programme consisted of music, an address on Our Attitude Towards Art, by Mr. Bernard McEvoy, and wound up with a Russian tea. Mr. John Cameron presided. Mr. McEvoy's lecture emphasized the necessity of taking a more serious view of art than is done in Canada at present. It was filled with good points. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron and Miss Cameron, Mrs. Farrer, Mrs. and the Misses Armstrong, Mrs. H. H. Wright and Miss Wright, Dr. and Mrs. McPhedran, Dr. Pattullo and the Misses Pattullo, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bertram, Mr. and Miss Lukes, Miss Cooley, Miss Smart, Mr. Percy Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. B. McEvoy, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mickle, Messrs. Manly, Murray, Sherwood, Hannaford, Macarthy and Stewart.

*

Those who have known Mr. J. W. Bengough longest and have been most intimately associated with him are always first to do honor to the kind-hearted humorist. Last Tuesday evening I had the pleasure to be one of those who were invited by the *Grip* Publishing Co. to a dinner of welcome tendered to their editor and cartoonist on his return from a lecturing tour extending from Toronto to Victoria, B. C., and it did not take me long to see that everyone around the table was anxious to say something kind about the man whose pen and pencil have for so many years made him a favorite throughout the country. Many amusing stories were told during the evening of the travels of the Raven since first it spread its wings and of the fostering care it had received from those who had taken a fancy to the wisest of birds. Quite a number of the gentlemen present had assisted in getting out the first issue of *Grip*, but they all expressed themselves as being confident that they would have nothing to do with the last and it was the wish of everyone that Canadian politicians would for many years continue to be lashed into line, hypocrisy to be exposed and folly to be whipped by the most good-natured and most honest of satirists, Mr. J. W. Bengough. The dinner was excellent in all its appointments, and a pleasant evening was spent. Among those present were Messrs. A. S. Irving, T. C. Irving, Rev. G. M. Milligan, R. L. Patterson, Phillips Thompson, R. L. Morrison, D. Rose, Jas. Murray, Prof. Wells and others.

*

A delightful wedding took place in Hamilton, on Monday evening, December 2, at the residence of Mr. Martin TenEyck, Catherine street, south, the occasion being the marriage of his only daughter Agnes Beatrice, to Mr. Alfred E. Chesnut of the Confederation Life, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Pickering of the Gore street Methodist Church. Mr. J. K. McMaster of the Canada Life, Hamilton, supported the groom, while Miss Hortense Davis acted as bridesmaid. After the ceremony the numerous guests sat down to an admirable repast, which was enlivened by the most hearty congratulations from all, and happy speeches by Rev. Mr. Pickering, the Messrs. D. Geo. Chesnut, Martin TenEyck, J. K. McMaster, John TenEyck, and others, to all of which the groom feelingly responded on behalf of himself and his charming young wife. Mr. and Mrs. Chesnut left on the 6.55 train for Toronto, followed by the usual quantity of rice, old shoes, and a hearty God speed from relatives, friends, and acquaintances. The sight of the array of presents goes far to show that the young couple begin life most auspiciously in their new home on Major street, as nearly every article—rich, costly, useful and ornamental—that heart could desire in a matrimonial start off, was included in the lengthy list.

*

The annual dinner of the Boomer Rifle Association (in connection with A Company Royal Grenadiers) was held on Thursday evening at the Bay Horse Hotel. A pleasant evening was spent.

*

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. J. Enoch Thomson at Derwent Lodge on December 11, in honor of the Ontario Society of Artists.

*

St. Joseph's Convent was, on Monday afternoon, the scene of general festivity, when a reception was tendered His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. The rooms were gay with flowers, mottoes, and designs of welcome and loyalty. The pupils were in holiday garb, and acquitted themselves in a manner wholly pleasing. Music was rendered and addresses read, after which His Grace and the clergy were entertained in the banqueting hall. The address to the Archbishop was beautifully illuminated on vellum done up elegantly in book form in crimson plush and gold.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer and Miss Packard are now in Strasbourg, having left Vienna for Paris. Dr. Palmer will return to Toronto early in January.

*

The Toronto Canoe Club held their second annual dinner on Friday evening at Webb's parlors, when about a hundred paddlers and their friends sat down to an excellent spread. Among the visitors were: Dr. G. S. U. Ryerson of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Mr. Schofield of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, Mr. Fraser of the Argonauts, Mr. Gowanlock of the Toronto Rowing Club and Mr. Sherrard of the Tammany Hall Club. Among those present we also noticed Ex-Commodores Hugh Neilson, Robert Tyson, J. L. Kerr and Capt. Stinson. The *menu* card was a work of art and reflects great credit on the artist, Mr. J. D. Kelly, a member of the club. The first page showed Mr. Arthur Mason seated in his canoe on the lake enjoying what a canoeist would call a "good square meal." The inside pages were full of comical sketches of several members of the club as they appeared at the general meet last summer. The dinner was a good sample of how canoeists can enjoy themselves and it is safe to say that a more jolly crowd never gathered together for an evening's enjoyment. Commodore Dr. Powell occupied the post of honor, the vice chairs being occupied by Vice-Com. Jacques and Rear-Com. Shaw. The toasts brought out a long list of good things in the shape of songs, speeches and stories which space will not allow me to recount.

*

The committee of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society are making great efforts to make their inaugural public meeting next Friday the most brilliant one yet held in Osgoode Hall. The previous meetings have always been popular in Toronto, but they have been marked by two grave defects almost inseparable from such entertainments, overcrowding and an indiscriminate issue of invitations. These defects are to be remedied at the coming meeting—only a limited number of invitations are issued and a tax has been imposed on the tickets, so that there is little fear that they will be scattered about broadcast as before.

*

The Ontario Society of Artists will hold a conversazione at the New Art Gallery, 175 King street west, on Wednesday, December 18, under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell. An appropriate programme has been arranged, and the devotees of Terpsichore will have possession of the floor after 10 o'clock.

Saturday Night's Christmas.

Have you seen it? Have you bought it? It is the handsomest Canadian holiday number offered this year. Buy no other to send to friends, at home or abroad, until you have seen it. Price 30c., done up in a tube for mailing.

Out of Town.

The following items were held over from last week:

OTTAWA.

On Saturday last Mrs. Henry Bate, of Wilbrod street, gave a large afternoon At Home. There were over two hundred guests.

Mrs. Cross, of Wilbrod street, was At Home on Wednesday afternoon last. This At Home is preparatory to a large dance, for which Mrs. Cross will shortly issue invitations.

On Monday morning last the Hon. Edward Stanley, A.D.C., and Lady Alice Stanley, accompanied by Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Seymour, Bart. (who has been a guest at Government House during the past few days), left *via* New York for England.

NATURAL WOOL

The most important feature of Natural Wool Underwear is its softness and beautiful appearance. This is due to the fact that it is made from the finest and purest Natural Wools, absolutely free from dye, making it practically unshrinkable (see our washing directions). The Undershirts are double-breasted and ribbed skirts. The Trowsers are spliced in seat with silk, making them durable, and the bands are fine sateen cloth, so as to fit snug. All weights and sizes.

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Lightly, Lightly (most popular song in the opera)	40
We Are the Deities, dramatic song	40

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A personally conducted party will leave on 19th December for Nassau, Cienfuegos, S. Side Cuba, Havana (FIVE DAYS' stay) and return on 8th January.

ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED 21 DAYS $130

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Special attention has been given to the Dressmaking Department, which is complete with a select stock of Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

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Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—One of the oddest hats I have seen this winter was of black felt with wide shelving brim and low square crown. Its trimming was velvet, put on the most peculiar way. Incisions were made in the hat, and the velvet ran in and out, forming a veritable basket-work of green and black. It was startling. It was new; but pretty? well—no.

A bonnet that was really pretty was formed of cords of twisted velvet. The crown trimming was loops of ribbon.

A pretty toque had a face fold of deep ruby velvet, a crown border of pale pink swansdown and a long-looped bow of ruby shot with pink.

Veils are in three distinct styles. First comes the gauze, sometimes with a fine mesh; often very open, and in many instances showing pretty contrasts in the way of borders. Then Russian net with its dotted surface, and lastly spider-web, a filmy conceit which looks daintily pretty the first time one wears it, and untidily shoddy when it loses its freshness.

A pretty dress, worn one evening recently, was noted for its simplicity. It was of mauve, in some light wool goods, trimmed with silver braid. A falling frill of handsome lace was at the neck, and the wearer's hair was dressed in simple fashion with a Langtry knot and a carelessly arranged bang. She wore no jewels that I could see, and yet she looked very nice.

The sofa pillow, elaborate in its execution, and uninviting in its stiffness, has become a thing of the past. Instead, we find plainly-made pillows, and any number of them scattered over fashionably-furnished rooms. Cretonne ones are pretty, and can be used for footstools without a regretful thought. China silk makes dainty ones, and those of plush or velvet are handsome.

Candles are the rage. The hostess no longer floods her rooms with light for small evenings. It is æsthetic to sit in half light and—fashionable. Candles do shed a bewitching glow from under pretty shades, and an after dinner chat is rendered delightful by the presence of softened light. Tasteful shades are made of silk, and one particularly dainty one which I saw recently was of pink silk, edged with long fringe of the same shade headed with a row of marguerites.

Screens are indispensable where there are many portieres, and elegant ones are shown. They are often of brass but oftener of wood, with shirred panels of soft silk. The woman of to-day squanders less money on embroidery and more on engravings and Doulton—with credit to her, be it said.

Side-combs, with the comb part of tortoiseshell or amber, and the top of plain gold, or, in many instances gem-set are particularly novel—and expensive.

Moonstones are, perhaps, more admired just now than almost any other stone. In combination with diamonds they look rien, and the fact that they cut well enables the cunning workman to fashion a variety of novel concetts. A crescent moon showing the old man's nose and mouth is surrounded by diamonds and an owl perched on a rugged gold limb dangles a delicate chain from one claw.

Emeralds seem to find special favor at present, and are worn with the green shades so much in vogue.

I investigated some chatelaine ornaments the other day and just listen! A dainty silver ball, which one would view with no suspicion whatever, flies open at a touch disclosing a wee swansdown puff. Another holds bonbons, while vinaigrettes come in all shapes and sizes A pretty silver paper knife which could be worn on a chatelaine and a slender case for court plaster were some other novelties.

Men are queer creatures, and they have some decidedly strange ideas which they occasionally express with originality and always with decision. I was amused not long since by the emphatic assertion of a man who could not "see the use of having a apron on a mantel shelf." Who blames the man? I do not. Fancy work is taking on itself a love for leather, and we may expect many Christmas gifts to be fashioned of this substantial material.

A calendar, which is entirely out of the ordinary run of such things, is made in this way. A board, six inches square, is covered smoothly with chamois leather. Brass headed nails are tacked around the edge, and three hundred and sixty-five address cards, each bearing a date and a quotation, are strung upon a ribbon and hung in the center on a little brass hook. The quotations may be from one author or they may be all different. If they are well chosen such a calendar would make a pretty present.

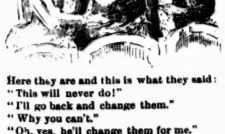
Most people are tangling their brains now in the endeavor to think of "something for Christmas." Deft fingers and willing hearts can create elegant trifles at small cost, and one does well to fashion with ones own hands the Christmas trifles, remembering that: "To loyal hearts the value of all gifts must vary as the giver."

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

At the Matinee.

Before the curtain rose one afternoon, recently, I sat and listened to the clatter of tongues—listened, be it distinctly understood—for I was alone.

In the row behind were three women who belong to that never-can-get-what-I-want class of femininity.



Here they are and this is what they said:
"This will never do!"
"I'll go back and change them."
"Why you can't."
"Oh, yes, he'll change them for me."
"But you have to pass all those people."
"Dear me, I forgot. Well, perhaps we can see. The stage is pretty high. Look at that that—isn't it a fright?"

"How I wish we'd gone up in the gallery—in the first row. We could see splendidly there, and," tragic emphasis, "the seats are only fifty cents!"

Duet—"Oh, what a shame!"

Just then I lost interest in the conversation for my whole attention was centered upon the movements of a bird—an enormous black thing about the size of a crow. It was coming along the row in front (on a hat of course) and I was all anxiety to be assured that it was not going to perch on my line of vision. As Minnie said in Sweet Lavender—it is fate; and a kindly fate permitted the disturbing bird to flutter down a little to my right, and there with cuts, read wings, erect tail, and projecting head to torment no one else.

I wonder if, in the future, it will be possible to do away with the between-acts. Perhaps Mr. Edison will invent some electrical contrivance to facilitate the getting-out-and-in process.

It will be welcomed, I am sure. For my part, I have looked at that winding road, towering mountain and Italian boy and girl seated by the stone wall, until I fancy they make faces at me. Then I view the people and this is what I see:

These two men have been out to see a man

about a dog—I don't see why women don't go to see a woman about a bonnet. They seat themselves and then begin to ogle a couple of girls in the parquet. To see them they are obliged to turn to the right and look back. Each move directs attention to the girls.

I cannot understand how a girl can endure without resentment an impertinent stare, accompanied by a hideous grin. It is openly disrespectful and—

"Stop preaching?" Agreed.

The man who arranges that the humor should so quickly follow the weeping place, must have a keen perception of the mechanism of the human heart.

When the tears have started; when silence and sympathy enwrap each like a garment, the introduction of a witticism gives one a chance to laugh. The overcharged heart is relieved by a nervous but enjoyable expression of merriment. All is put right. "Richard is himself again," and the play goes on. You have never observed it? Then act upon my advice and note the general advantage taken of a laughing place, after a bit of pathos.

Morning on the Chicago Limited.

Sleepy Passenger (who forgets that he is in the upper berth)—There ain't nothin' mean about this road anyway. It's mighty few of them gives us fur rugs to step on these cold mornin's.—*Jugge.*

The Chicago Girl.

A writer in Chicago *Chaff* says:—I stood talking with a friend for about three minutes yesterday, in Kinsley's doorway after luncheon, and in that brief time there passed me no less than fourteen young women, of different ages, styles and degrees of good looks, but all, to the very last one of them, chewing toothpicks. Can anything, I ask you, constitute a more hideous profanation of things sacred than a toothpick protruding from a pair of rosy feminine lips? It is not so much the mere sliver of wood that creates dismay or chagrin in the beholder, as the suggestiveness of it of the intensely practical use to which it is being put. My nerves have hardly yet recovered from the strain to which they were subjected by this terrible sight, and if it falls athwart my gaze again, I shall be tempted to beg Mr. Kinsley to pitch all his toothpicks into the street. Imagine a divine girl, with saucy eyes and a fetching get-up, polluting a pair of pouting, pomegranate lips with a "pick" on a public thoroughfare, and then imagine—anything.

Not Good Poetry, But Facts.

Buy it; try it. Try it; buy it. Best in the world, and nothing comes nigh it. Nonauch Stove Polish makes no dust. *Ditto—ditto—ditto*—covers the rust. Easily applied. An unequalled shine. And use *Mirror* Varnish *whenever you climb* up on a step ladder to varnish your stove pipes.

Fine Tailoring.

Artistic tailoring is much more than a bombastic boast. It is that which imparts to a garment a hundred per cent. greater value than it would otherwise have. It is something for which men who dress well are willing to pay a fair price. The qualities that are necessary to artistic tailoring are manifold. It requires a thorough knowledge of the mechanical structure of garments, an ability to fit the human form properly, a judgment that is quick to decide correctly upon the appropriate, and a strict observance of the numberless subtle laws, the violation of which renders the production of the harmonious and beautiful impossible. Such are the qualities which are flourishing at the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment, having just received an elegant line of Black Cheviots for morning wear, and would invite your inspection. PERRY A. TAYLOR, Rossin House Block.

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159 King Street East---the Market
Is now ready for visitors to inspect the
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With Unbreakable Heads, Shoes, Silk Stockings, Gloves, &c., at 25c, are selling very fast.
No Trouble to Show Goods

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REPEAT ORDER
Just delivered, some more of those elegant Jackets at $5 75, cannot be equalled in the city.
Also special lines at $3 75, $4 75 and up
Sealette Mantles to order a specialty with us.

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A few of the Leading Odors
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will be offered all THIS MONTH in Every Department. Every Lady in Town or Country will not only get the finest stock in the Dominion to choose from, but they will save money by doing their FALL AND WINTER SHOPPING at
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at $15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.
Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets
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Have done away with the old fashions. Nothing gives a lady a pleasanter attraction than change of the style of her hair
Ladies and gentlemen who have stayed a short time in Paris (the city of styles and ambition) must have noticed the French ladies in their indefatigable efforts constantly changing the style of their hair, which gives them a decidedly better appearance and is more attractive than the richest *Robe de Soie*. She always takes the advice of her hairdresser, who generally is her private counsellor of the fashions. Ladies who wear yet the conservative old-fashioned bang should also take the advice of *Mons. Armand, the leader of fashionable Hair Goods and Hair-Dressing* and change their old bangs in accepting Armand's invented Pompadour Frontpiece. It differs entirely from the common Bang, in that it is not made on large wire foundations, does not require curling at all, and is combed straight back, with a few curls on the side. Special Pompadours for ladies with high foreheads. Also Armand's new invented Wavy Frontpiece. It differs in that from the old-fash oned Wave or Bang, and is made on the same principle as the Pompadour. Price $5 each style. Ladies from the country will get suited in sending a sample of their hair, and state if high or low forehead. Ayers Hotel, opposite parlorine. Armand's Hair Store, 421 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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A Sealette Mantle
Sometimes looks as well and holds its color longer than a real one
In a great many instances it makes a very Suitable and Useful Holiday Gift
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H. S. MORISON & CO. 218 Yonge St. cor. Albert
500 Dress Lengths and Costumes at about half price for Christmas

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

"There's no such thing as the one to blame, there very seldom is."—Chas. Reade.

"No more, Jack. You have had quite enough. You know Dr. Harris thinks you should not have any." And the speaker, a pleasant-faced lady in widow's weeds though not looking more than thirty, raised her fingers to give point to her words.

"O come, mother, you are not Dr. Harris," said the lad addressed, his face clouding over as he spoke, "as if a bit more or less of cake could signify."

"Take some gingeroread; this is very rich and you have already had your second piece. You'll have dyspepsia before you're twenty."

"I had like it, don't I?" he rejoined, laughing heartily. "One might as well be an emigrant boy at once at this rate. Don't starve a fellow, but, like a good, kind mother, spare it over. Just one piece more, 'pon my honor."

"Well, well, if you will, you will, I suppose. Just one piece and it will be the last for some time."

"Then you must excuse me if I make it the biggest possible. Really this treatment is very destructive to good manners. If you persist in it, there's no telling to what I may come, mother," he said with a quizzical glance as he took the desired dainty. He ate it with evident relish, eyeing furtively as he did so the third person at the table, and keeping up a lively chat with his mother the same time.

The third person was his father's sister, Edith Eilesmere, who had listened throughout in silence, though evidently interested. Her face exhibited that rare blending of firmness and kindness, which, when united with a good judgment, indicated a born trainer of children. She remained quietly thoughtful after Jack, excusing himself, left the room. Then Mrs. Eilesmere, to whom silence was oppressive at all times, said: "Well, Edith, why do you not begin your lecture? I'm sure you have one ready."

"Useless," was the reply, not curtly spoken, but in sorrowful decision.

"It was such a trifle. There is no need to look so serious about it."

"Granted, if considered by itself. But you know well, Mary, that it is rare indeed for a day to pass without your granting indulgences at the expense of his health and against your own expressed judgment. Far better were they granted at once," said Edith earnestly.

"Your ideas are too strict, Edith. All boys coax and wheedle to gain their desires. No good ever comes of over-strictness."

"We are speaking of indulgences injurious to him," rejoined Edith.

"It is better to give way in trifles, that he may prove more willing to obey in more important matters."

"Bad logic, Mary. The greater comprehends the less, not the less the greater."

"I am sure he has taken my refusal of wine several times without a word of protest," continued Mrs. Eilesmere, ignoring Edith's sophistry.

"Because you refused firmly. Why not do the same in other cases?"

"It isn't the same. He must never drink wine with my consent."

"Things hang together, Mary. The difference is not in principle but in degree.

"He is very obedient when I do refuse to grant favors, you must allow."

"Even answers when I do," returned Edith, trying to smile. "But it is not of the present I am thinking. It is of that future that is coming to us so swiftly." Then she rose and, with in quick, earnest tones that evinced the intensity of her feelings, "There will come a time when he may not ask. Temptation will assail him when you are not near. How will he meet them if you are not now true to your obligations as a mother? You are defrauding him of his rights when you do not insist on self-denial and self-control. That is the best way to teach temperance practically, not theoretically."

"I am not afraid of Jack's becoming a drunkard, if you are," said Mrs. Eilesmere, indignantly. "He is such a good boy. Why, he has not a serious fault.

"I admit that. He is thoroughly sweet-tempered and so is easily governed. But the majority, or, at least, very many of those who are drunkards now were once just as good. They fell because they had been governed, not trained, in their youth. Parents who rear children must learn that all government is valuable only in so far as it is self-government. Then shall our men be strong and our women noble. That is what I want you to do for Jack. Teach him to say no to himself in his boyhood temptations and you will give him the strongest human agency to resist when he must meet in manhood. And he will need it, Mary, he will need it. He is so like his father."

"Spare me that, at least, Edith," said Mrs. Eilesmere, hastily.

"It is true, nevertheless, and it will be at your peril if you refuse to cooperate with me. Strengthen him now, so that 'come what come may,' he may always be 'man and master of fate.'

"Suppose there are none of the evil days of which you are so assured?"

"You do not mean that, Mary. A man cannot live rightly in these days without meeting temptation at every turn. Nor can you do all, but you can do much. Let it be said of you justly: 'She had done what she could.' Otherwise, there may come a time when the most trivial neglect will have greater power to stings than ten thousand scorpions. But you will not have it so, will you?"

"There is no danger while he loves me. I must retain his love at all hazard. Love is the strongest motive power a man can have."

"True, but often it is a love of wine that proves the rule, said Edith, sorrowfully. "Mary, you cannot retain his love without his respect."

"Do you mean that Jack does not respect me, Edith?"

"He does, most assuredly. But do not be vexed if I speak plainly, Mary. In my opinion he does so to a less extent than a year ago. He learned in time." Then seeing tears gathering in her sister-in-law's eyes she went to her quickly and, putting her arms around her neck, kissed her again and again, saying gently, "Forgive me, dear, remember my anxiety arises out of my great love for him and for you. He is a lad of whom any mother might be proud."

"I'm glad you allow so much as that. And now I've heard you through patiently, I must insist on the subject being dismissed finally. I will not have my nerves harrowed by prognostications as gloomy as they are needless." Before Edith could reply, the indignant mother had swept angrily from the room.

"Worse than useless my words have proved, I fear," murmured Edith. "I must hope and pray that my fears may never be realized," she added, while hot tears evinced her disappointment.

Fifteen years have passed away ere we again invite our readers to re-enter the familiar apartment. It is the dinner hour. Around the table are seated six instead of three. Mrs. Eilesmere's expression is that of the earlier years but intensified. A beautiful face, and we can quite understand Jack's oft-repeated remark that it rests him to look at her. Poor Jack needs rest or his looks sadly belie him. The years have sensualized his face and his restless eyes and haggard face tell their own story of nights of dissipation and broken health. The new comers are his wife and two children. Mrs. Eilesmere is well-preserved, but the weak lines of her face have deepened and when she speaks there is quite a new tone of fretfulness in her voice.

"No more, Jack. You have had quite enough. You know what Dr. Harris said last evening."

"The same old story, mother. Now give it to us in the same old way," laughed Jack, still holding out his empty wine-glass toward her. For strange to say there was a wine-service on the table, although Jack was the only one to use it. Glancing at the young lady opposite, as Jack persisted, Mrs. Eilesmere asked:

"Shall I, Nellie?"

No reply, unless a look of cold indifference were considered such.

"As if she cared. Come, mother, I'm in a hurry to get back to the bank. Old Jenkins will be down on me again and I'm on positively my last trial—patience utterly exhausted, you know."

"Hush! Jack, do not speak so," said his mother, as with a deep sigh she filled his glass.

Jack sipped the sparkling liquor leisurely. The old Jenkins, if he enjoyed it, or was it, could it be, that he wished to sting Nellie into speech? If so he was not successful. A contemptuous curl of the lip was all the notice taken. A hard, set look came into his face, as he noted it. Instead of replacing his empty glass on the table as had been his evident intention, he again held it out to his mother, saying, "Another, mother, if you please." The words were courteous, but the tone was the tone of disaster to those who knew him well. Her hand trembled, but he got it without a protest. Rising, he said, with assumed jauntiness, "Ladies, I drink to your very good health, drained the glass, and, with a bow and smile, left the room.

Nellie's face saddened. Mrs. Eilesmere fretfully reproached Nellie until the latter was forced to seek her own room to give vent to her feelings.

In answer to Edith's reproachful look Mrs. Eilesmere continued:

"I never allowed him wine when he was under my control. I can't understand his excessive liking for it now. I am sure it must be Nellie's coldness and indifference."

Edith had her own opinion, but said nothing. There flashed across her mind the remembrance of her rejected warning in his boyhood days. Her fears had to some extent been realized, but she hoped the worst might never be. Her words had proved worse than useless. The mother's fears had been aroused, so that all favors were denied her persuasive pleas, but as surely granted after more or less coaxing, banter, or ill-temper. The latter always conquered instantly; she was so afraid of losing his affection, as she expressed it.

At sixteen he had entered the bank of which his father had been partner. At twenty he announced his intention of quitting at once. Despite all that his friends could say of the imprudence of such an early marriage, the event took place in the fashionable church. His salary was not large, but his wife had a private fortune and for a time they lived in a constant whirl of gaiety. He was fondly proud of his childhood for them by his mother, who was delighted to see them courted and caressed by society. At the close of the first year a son was born to them, and a daughter two years later completed the family circle. Jack was devoted to both. Perhaps, because of this, there grew in him a yearning for a quieter home life than Nellie deemed at all desirable. Nor could she sympathize with the feelings prompting his wish, but resented it as an indication that his love was lessening. He went farther still, and doubted if she had ever really loved him. So it came to pass that Jack took refuge in his club, instead of escorting his wife to fashionable amusement. Ah! had she but known the cost of her obstinacy, she would never have persisted. But she was young, and he rushed blindly to their fate. Thus passed six years of wedded life, at the close of which Jack resembled very many young men in undertaking through life with an little work and serious thought as possible, and as much pleasure as did not require too severe exertion to secure. Yet there were times when he seemed to Edith sometimes that it would have been better for him were his family entirely dependent on his exertions. To men of his stamp action must be the impetus to good if it need with a response. Chiefly by his aunt's influence he was still a total abstainer from all liquors. His mother was grateful, and proud too, to Edith, knowing more of the undercurrents of his life, felt that a crisis must come ere long and prayed, for his sake, that it might be, if was the unexpected that happened. The Trust & Loan Co. in which Nellie's fortune was invested—she retaining a silent interest after her father's death in the property—suddenly in it collapsed, swallowing up every cent she had inherited. Jack had been warned, but his easy going nature was satisfied by the plausible explanation of the manager. Indeed it was one of those clever pieces of rascality that seem to defy detection until the guilty ones, in this case was not mercenary, but felt it deeply on Nellie's account. She had lived in affluence all her childhood, accustomed to look well at the unknown factor to her. As for Jack all the manliness in him seemed to be awakened. He attended to business closely during office hours and occupied evenings with extra work. The house was given up with all its equipments, and they went to reside with his mother and sister. Jack's wife felt he had secured resolved to make the best of it. It has been said that one good resolution would save a man from a thousand temptations assailed to will likewise. There is much truth in it. Nellie did not do so. To her the experience was a calamity. Unreasonably enough she blamed Jack entirely, because he had neglected the warning received. Possibly he felt some remorse therefor, for he was very patient and tender with her for months. Instead of softening, she hardened under the process. Slowly his natural temper began to exert itself. Finding it impossible to please her, he began to please himself. The hours he had spent doing work were passed at his club. And somehow, he never could tell exactly the hour or the why of it, he called for wine with the usual cigars. The exhilarating influence of the former was as pleasant as it was new. It fitted with exactness, he thought, to his mood. For wearied with his close application to business and stung by Nellie's coldness, he arrived at his club room in a state of nervous depression that rendered stimulants exceedingly pleasing to him. He yielded more and more. Nights of excess brought the next morning headache. His stool at the bank was unused occasionally for an entire day. Remonstrance seemed fruitless, until after an absence of a week he was summarily dismissed.

This brought him to his senses. He promised improvement, and the manager, who was kindly disposed towards him for his father's sake as well as his own, gave him a trial. Nellie was not so easily deceived. Finding him deaf to all entreaties, she had taken counsel with Edith proposed that he should take wine at his own home only. To this he pledged himself, and so far had faithfully adhered to his promise. Would he continue to do so? It was the fear that he would not that paled Edith's cheek as he left the room. If Nellie had suffered during this trying time, no one saw it. Cold and impassive she had remained through it all. Her indifference exasperated him more than the most bitterly expressed reproaches would have done. Edith had seen this and had more than once attempted remonstrance, but had as often been repelled by her chilling manner. Still, there were times when she seemed a possibility of regret under the apparent apathy. Remembering this, Edith sought her now, for she felt very tenderly towards her. She was still young, scarce three-and twenty. Married at sixteen after a course at a fashionable boarding school, there had been little indeed in her married life, devoted as it had been to society and the frivolities that constitute fashionable existence, to mature the latent good qualities of her character. In many points, she was still a child, although in wilfulness a woman. Jack really loved her intensely, and thus his belief that she cared nothing for him was the strongest force impelling him downward. It would have influenced to her prevented the first yielding, or to have saved him hitherto.

Love is stronger than death; it is the most potent human agency for good or evil in the moral degradation. But it must be exerted in time. There comes a period in moral depravity when all human means are alike impotent to save. Filled with these thoughts, Edith resolved to speak earnestly to Nellie. She was greatly surprised to find her weeping bitterly. All her coldness had vanished. Edith felt now that it had been to a great extent assumed. Jack's efforts to please her had been appreciated, but with a strange perversity she would not evince the fact. Her softened mood rendered Edith's task comparatively easy. Nellie saw clearly how unwise her conduct had been and reproached herself bitterly. Edith did not spare her faults, but spoke so tenderly there was no offence taken. Truth spoken in love,—is there anything more convincing and converting? Verily, it is one of the most crying needs of the social world. In this case, the softened mood of the weakened woman prevailed. The coldness and reserve melted entirely, and she and Edith became one in the task of saving Jack. All the afternoon was spent devising ways and means. Even his non-appearance at tea did not greatly deject Nellie. He had always attended to her wishes, she had no thought of failure now. Only the elder woman, listening for his step through the still hours of the night and hearing it not, wondered if it might not be too late. But she prayed the fear away each time it arose.

Two years later. We enter the familiar dining room eager to know the fate that befell to our friends. We note silver streaks in Mrs. Eilesmere's dark hair and the deep melancholy in her countenance. Nellie looks worn, but both she and Edith appear more at rest and happier than before. But Jack—where is he? Dead—did you ask?

No, not that. Following Nellie, who leaves the room hurriedly as soon as the meal is over, we find him in an upper chamber. Not dead, but dying. Since that fateful day the course had been steadily downward. Leaving the room half intoxicated, he bent his steps towards his place of business. Passing a saloon his eye caught the sparkle of the wines temptingly displayed. Then for the first time there awoke in him the terrible craving which, like a fever, is never satisfied. Hitherto he had drank merely to forget his troubles, now it was a vain attempt to satisfy the demon within, which he never could satisfy. For days he remained in the saloon drinking and dozing, turning a deaf ear to all friendly persuasions to return to his home. At length he had a message home in a drunken man from which he awoke to find Nellie bending over him, love in her eyes, kind words on her lips. Alas! he noted neither, thought neither. "Brandy, brandy, I must have brandy."

True there came a time when her kindness impressed him and he resolved to reform. But as often did the temptation break his good resolutions. Exposure and dissipation awoke the latent seeds of inherited consumption, for which he has been dying a lingering death. "A merciful Providence,' say Edith and Nellie. For the unnatural craving has passed away, and so truly penitent they cannot doubt but that he will receive divine mercy. Not that he is quite at peace. Far from it. Sorrow for regret, he feels as unavailing. For Nellie he has no word of reproach, nothing save tenderness and loving words. Aunt Edith is, he declares, his inspiration. To her he yields deep reverence and love. Yet he has reference to her entreaties will he accept attentions from his mother, for whom he feels the strongest aversion. To Edith he speaks most freely.

Said he: "Aunt Edith, I wish I'd been your boy." She tried to hush him into silence, but he persisted in a weak, boyish fashion. "I do, you always right. If I had, I would have made a man of me in spite of my weakness. Perhaps you do not believe it, but I've struggled with unnatural appetite since I knew Nellie loved me." His voice broke though his eyes were dry as he said this.

"'The eyes that adjudge the praise and blame
See better than those or mine.'

"Jack," said Edith softly, "In His mercy there is no injustice."

He raised her hand to his lips, and lay quiet for a few moments. Then he continued in the same strained, intense tone, "In my boyhood I was constantly disobeying the doctor's orders, never was taught to deny myself. And it's not something different; it's the same old thing, only in new form. Saying 'no' in the one case would have developed strength to say 'no' in the other."

"With God's blessing added, I believe it would, Jack," agreed Edith. And then she tried to turn him from the past to the sinless land on the threshold of which he lay. But he would not.

"You always believed so, auntie, and I wish you had been my mother."

It was dreadful to hear him speak thus, and the poor mother was heart-broken.

As the end drew near he begged his aunt to train his boy.

"Forget Nellie," said she. "Nellie and I are united on this point, as on all others."

"Then I promise to do my best, with God's help," said Edith, stooping down to kiss his pale forehead.

He smiled as if content. He lay thus with his eyes closed for some time. Ere long he became restless. Kneeling beside him, Nellie stroked the damp hair back from his brow.

"You are at peace, Jack?" she whispered.

"Yes, wife. But, O! it might have been different—so different!"

"It might have been worse," she replied, thinking of one who had died that day while in delirium tremens.

"Yes," he assented, remembering that his wife and children would have been penniless, but for his mother and aunt. "But it might have been better had I been given sound principles and right motives, instead of the shell of outside goodness," he moaned. And there was none to say him nay!

Thus the end came, and Jack passed beyond our ken into the mercy seat of the Judge. Here we leave him. Accept the warning of his life, but judge him not.

"Be abstinent in praise and blame;
The man's still master of what he stands first,
And mortal only, if last and worst."

Ah! well is it for us all that Divine Justice spares the penitent while slowly punishing the sin. We so rarely distinguish, except where the vice is gilded.

BEDE.

A Thinking Room.

If I could give everybody one pleasant thing in life, I would wish that it might be a room alone. Not only should every man, woman and child have a separate sleeping apartment, but they should have an apartment, a sanctum, however small, however poor, where they could go and commune with self.

I pity women and men who tell me, as they have, that they wanted to write, or think, or read, but were talked to until they were well nigh daft, or somebody was playing on the piano, or the children were laughing or some conversation going on. I tell you there is not one living soul but needs to gather himself together, to gain strength for the battle of life, to concentrate his magnetic forces, by being alone for a time.

It gives me the terrors now, a sort of delirium comes over me, when I think of the continuous unrest of some homes. In some homes, is never alone, everybody is noisy, everybody is talking at once, no member of the family has a room to go to, where sweet peace may soothe and where solitude's luxury may nurse weary nerves, and exhausted forces may be restored. In these homes the very walls reflect unrest, no member of this family has a gentle voice and musical inflections, not one has ever had an opportunity to study the pretty things that come like inspirations when we are alone for an hour or two. They do not know the meaning of "I loaf and invite my soul" (Walt Whitman's song), they have never felt the serene happiness that comes with perfect silence, solitude and a book, or a chat with a friend, they have never realized that, they get in the habit of always needing some one about, and are lonely if left alone for an hour, do the people accustomed to this kind of life.

It is an occult law too, I believe, that makes us crave solitude some times. I remember once when a bright friend was my guest for several weeks and every moment had been filled with babble, chat, music, visitors or the theater, when all of a sudden a faintness, a sort of insanity came over me, and I begged to be left alone for just a few minutes. I went into my little bed room, locked the door and in half an hour was serene and strong again.

Neither can I understand how women can go on from one dissipation to another with hardly time to remember their names, and where they live, and when they get home. I have no rest there because every member of the family is trained to be all over the house. No wonder that the women of some of the families know less every year, and that they have neither physical, mental nor moral strength. Solitude gives opportunity to do good work, and were it not for sometime isolation we would never have had Emerson's sweet helpful essays, Carlyle's forceful works nor Edison's miracles of the nineteenth century.

Swedenborg says somewhere: "There are also angels who do not live consociated, but separate, house and house; these dwell in the midst of heaven, because they are the best of angels." So I believe should be every home, without this it is not home, where the soul, weary of ever present society, may find itself and rest.

I believe mothers would be sweeter and more patient, fathers would be fiercer and more tender, and children would have lovelier characters, if they had a little nook where intrusion would be a profanity, and where to emerge from would mean to come out rested, fresh, bright and sunny and ready to give out again of the magnetic force gathered, not continuously dissipated.

Mathew Arnold wrote some beautiful lines which I always think of in connection with a room to one's self. They are:

"Calm soul of all things make it m'ne
To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar."

LOUISE MARKSCHEFFEL in the *Toledo Journal.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

TAR.—Imp ishe, frank, loquacious.

UNION JACK.—Sensitive, decisive, hopeful.

VERITAS, Stratford.—Witty, determined, sensitive and patient.

NANDY, Toronto.—Shrewd, determined, self-reliant and self esteeming.

T. D. H.—If they are good—yes. Reserved, careless and a wee bit selfish.

U. S. A.—Impressible, excitable, open-hearted and a regular dabbler in literature.

J. W. S.—Enclosed shows originality, practicability, self-reliance and decision.

GERTRUDE, Kingston.—Decision, acuteness of perception, firmness in ascendably.

THEOPHILUS.—Writing shows indecision, variable temper, pride and kindly nature.

CLEARNOSE.—This writing shows firmness, order, perseverance and some ambition.

A FOOL, Brantford.—Impulsive, discontented, suspicious, super-sensitive and affectionate.

E. H.—Writing shows pride, sensitiveness, delicacy of perception, firm will and variable temper.

DOROTHY B., Toronto.—Energetic, self-willed, moderately decided in opinion and inclined to be a little rash.

REGINALD NORMAN.—Impressionable, energetic, possessing strong will, and inclined to be rash in undertakings.

S. A.—The lines are not to be found in any dictionary of quotations. Writing shows originality, force of character and generosity.

KATHLEEN.—Not to be found in any dictionary of quotations. Writing shows originality, force of character and generosity.

VERITAS, Kingston.—I join with you in hoping the result may not prove "fatal." Your writing shows impulse, energy, perseverance, carelessness and self-esteem.

CLEMANTHA, Orillia.—Well formed, good of display, but kindly in nature. Regarding the other matter—usually, no. It would depend on the frequency of meeting and particular circumstances.

LOTT, Orillia.—Ostentatious and careless but warm-hearted. In the card tray in the hall. Remove them at the table and lay them across your lap, giving your hands again before leaving.

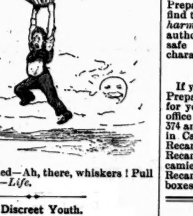
PRIMROSE.—You must know all your good qualities if you fancy it would take a book to contain them. So I shall just tell you the ones that are not good—selfishness, tendency to deceit and extreme hauteur.

DAISY G.—White is not a color. I'm afraid, Daisy, that you are a flirt. You should not have two men "in view." It sounds dreadful. Why don't you marry which you like best? Your writing shows self-will, heedlessness, and a merry disposition.

UNITAS SCOTT.—Adelaide Neilson, the great Shakespearean actress, died very suddenly in 1883. Faith Fenton is the nom de plume of Miss Freeman. Writing shows intuition, an easy conscience, a disposition to melancholy temperament and some selfishness and pride.

ROSEBUD.—Really, Rosebud, you can't expect me to tell you much about such a small specimen. It seems to me that the chief characteristic is stinginess. However, I daresay you are amiable and affectionate, with a strong sense of the ridiculous and a merry disposition.

KATE DYER, Toronto.—Memoirs of Grimaldi is usually credited to Dickens. The foundation of the work was a series of badly told stories, and with revision and additions Dickens may be fairly said to have written it. Sincerity, obstinacy, perseverance and disregard for preferred advice are here shown.



Neighborly Biped—Ah, there, whiskers! Pull down your vest!—*Life.*

A Discreet Youth.

Teacher—Well, Vogel, how many ounces make a pound?

Vogel (the grocer's son).—Sixteen!

Teacher.—Correct! And how many pounds make a hundred weight, Brisket?

Brisket (the butcher's boy).—A hundred!

Teacher.—Right again! Now, Winterstein, how many hundred weight are there in a ton?

Winterstein (the coal dealer's hopeful).—That's a business secret!—*Puck.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Establishing Their Genealogy.

It was at the depot in Macon, Georgia. A colored man from the country stood looking at the locomotive when the colored fireman called out:

"Hey, yo' nigger, what yo' lookin' at?"

"Who's nigger?" demanded the other.

"Yo' is."

"So is yo'."

"Look at dat, nigger. I doan' take no sass off'n shucks!"

"Yo' is shucks yo'self."

"Humph! Do yo' know what my fadder sold fur befo' de wah?"

"No."

"Fo'teen hundred dollars in gold, sah, an' dey reckoned dat was $200 under price. Who was yo' fadder, sah?"

"He was de gemlan who bought yo' fadder fur a waltah, sah, an' he allus 'lowed he paid a thousand dollahs mo' dan he was worth."—*N. Y. Sun.*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

can always make themselves more beautiful devoting a little attention and intelligence to the duty which every woman owes to herself.

WISE WOMEN

know this, and profit by the knowledge, which is the reason that

THE RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS

have won such enormous popularity and are regarded with such favor by the most famous beauties of the day on both continents, who unanimously testify that once having used these inimitable and incomparable essentials of the toilet and the home they would never be without them, especially as their

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM FROM ALL POISONOUS INGREDIENTS

is guaranteed by the most distinguished and honorable medical and scientific testimony based on elaborate and costly analysis of all the preparations.

FROM MME. ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

"MY DEAR MRS. AYER,—There never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations; my skin is so immensely improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic Recamier Preparations exist. I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap is also perfect. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced your Recamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them."

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

"I use the Recamiers religiously and believe them ESSENTIAL to the toilet of every woman who desires a fair skin."

LILLIE LANGTRY.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Mme Recamier herself. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, freckles, pimples, red spot or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely impossible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face and hands. It is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. H. AYER.

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most *delicate* skin, and which is not substantially the same as the French Pharmacopœia safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, $1.50; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, $1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00. Small boxes, 50c.

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Recamier Cream

Recamier Balm

Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion

Recamier Soaps

Recamier Powders

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SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS

Hair Grower and Hair and Scalp Cleaner

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TELEPHONE 1108.

Uncle Grasper.

"Am I indeed the only heir? Is it possible!" asked the young artist beginning to pace the room excitedly.

"You are, sir; and for proof I refer you to this document deposited in my hands, the holographic will of Mr. Grasper, your maternal uncle, who died yesterday at his residence in Old James street, number unknown, because he would never spend the thirty cents which a plate would have cost, and his neighbors not being our clients, I am ignorant of their house numbers."

"And how much did he leave?"

"I have just figured it out. Deducting the legal expenses and charges of all kinds, you will receive the precise sum of forty-three thousand three hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty-eight cents."

Solomon Lyon, the artist, seemed to be dazzled by this information.

"Forty-three thousand!" stammered he, sinking into a chair.

"Three hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty eight cents," continued the lawyer, with his most gracious smile. "But—" he added, gravely adjusting his spectacles.

"Ah, there is a but!" said the heir, starting up quickly.

"Yes, sir. And it will cost you considerable."

"How much?"

"Just half of your inheritance."

"Then I am not the sole heir?"

"Pardon me. That does not prevent you on having a colegatee."

"And who is he?"

"Your uncle himself."

Solomon Lyon seemed stupefied.

"What do you say?"

"I say, your uncle himself. I will explain: by the terms of the will which is in my hands, Mr. Grasper makes you his heir, but on the condition that you transfer to him one-half of the fortune."

"But how?"

"By putting it with him into his coffin."

Mr. Grasper's heir opened his eyes wide.

"And the clause is formal, sir," continued the lawyer. "Your deceased uncle has expressly stipulated that if you fail to respect his wishes, you shall be deprived of all your rights to the inheritance. In that case, his entire fortune is left to the poor of the town, to whom the deceased confesses, with a sincerity that does him honor, that he never gave a cent during his lifetime."

"But," cried young Solomon, "this is absolute folly, my dear sir."

"No, sir, it is not folly. The case is a very simple one. Mr. Grasper was so miserly as to astonish everybody when he died from disease rather than from the perpetual fast which he seemed to inflict upon himself. And it would ill become you to complain, since it is in consequence of this stinginess that he succeeded in amassing, cent by cent, the fortune which he has just left you. Now you must be aware that the greatest torture of a miser is the thought that after his death he will have none of the money whose possession was the joy of his life. Thanks to the obligation which he imposes upon you, he assures to his remains the enjoyment of a posthumous fortune. Even when dead he will have a portion of the money which was the delight of his eager eyes and avaricious fingers. Of course he will only have half; but if he had demanded the whole, he could not have found an heir who would be an accomplice, obliged for self-protection to carry out the wishes of the testator. It is to this reason alone, you may be sure, sir, that you owe the fortune which has been left to you. Otherwise——"

"Oh, that is plain enough," interrupted Solomon Lyon.

"Well, sir, do you accept?"

"I should think so. Half is better than nothing at all."

"Well reasoned. Be so kind as to sign this paper. Now let us attend to a few details at once. There are some bills which must be paid to-morrow, especially the funeral expenses. Have you plenty of money?"

"If I have a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"That is not enough, but the matter can easily be arranged. A week before his death your uncle, distrusting everybody, deposited all his money in the bank. Here is a check book which you can use. Please draw two hundred dollars; that will be sufficient for the funeral and for your immediate needs."

"What!" said the surprised artist, "will they give me two hundred dollars on my simple signature?"

"Yes, and twenty thousand whenever you like."

"Why this is admirable, sir."

Solomon Lyon, the landscape painter, after returning to the hotel, passed the night in a state of agreeable insomnia, swelling with pride at the idea that his name written on a piece of paper was worth more than the names of a dozen members of the academy signed upon a hundred feet of canvas, even when the latter were embellished by gilded frames. One thought, nevertheless, troubled his pleasure; the necessity of depositing in his uncle's coffin half the fortune which he had received so unexpectedly. And as he lay between dreaming and waking, he wondered whether the recent events were realities or hallucinations.

The next morning he sprang out of bed, continuing his reflections, and after washing himself in a tub of cold water, prepared to complete the painful sacrifice. Taking a seat he drew the check-book from his pocket and made ready to write the check for the money which he was to draw from the bank for the purpose, alas! of placing in his uncle's last resting-place. He reflected a moment before putting pen to paper, and suddenly his eyes brightened and a smile appeared upon his lips.

"Ha, my boy, our uncle didn't think of that," he said.

Two hours later Lawyer Potter, surprised at not receiving a visit from his client, entered the room, and finding the young man seated before a fat fowl properly cooked, was welcomed with an air of beatitude free from clouds.

"I have found the weak spot," said the heir, as soon as the man of law appeared.

"What weak spot?"

"Here, see for yourself."

The lawyer took the blue paper which his client handed him and read:

"Pay to Joseph Grasper, or order, twenty-one thousand six hundred and eighty-three dollars, sixty-nine cents. SOLOMON LYON."

"Now, Mr. Potter, what say you to that? Is the amount correct?" asked the heir.

"Perfectly."

"Very well; whenever Uncle Grasper wants the money he need only go and draw it."

The argument was unanswerable; and when Solomon had piously deposited the check in his Uncle Grasper's coffin, in the presence of the lawyer, the latter was obliged to certify in due form that the heir had fulfilled all the conditions of the will and was entitled to be placed in possession of his inheritance.

A Man of Few Words.

A young man, some years ago, arrived at a certain inn, and, after alighting from his trap, went into the commercial room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order nearly as follows:

"Waiter!"

The waiter replied:

"Yes, sir!"

"I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say."

The waiter again replied:

"Yes, sir!"

"In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out.

"Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, and let me know when he's ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, and that there is a glass of water in the room.

"Send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Ask your mistress what I can have for supper. Tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort. Desire your master to step in; I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town."

The waiter answered:

"Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the commercial room wanted a great many things, and amongst the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

The Terminology of Art.

A venerable and dignified bishop was recently having his portrait painted by an eminent artist. After sitting steadily for about an hour in silence, his lordship thought he would like to break the monotony with a remark. Accordingly he said to the artist: "How are you getting on?"

To the astonishment of his sitter, the knight of the palette, absorbed in his work, thus replied: "Move your head a little that way, and shut your mouth!"

Not being accustomed to be spoken to in this fashion, the bishop said: "May I ask why you address me in this manner?"

Artist (still absorbed): "I want to take off a little of your cheek."

Collapse of the bishop.

It Took Time.

Master—Confound it, sir, do you think I'm a fool?

New Butler—Beggin' your pardon, sir, I ain't been here long enough to find out yet.

A Double Insult.

Guest (at hotel)—This boy seems to be awful stupid for his age.

Proprietor—That runs in the family. I am his father.

Guest—Impossible! I don't believe it.

Customer—Is it customary to fee the waiter here?

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Customer—Then hand over your fee. I've waited for you nearly an hour.—*The Jury.*

IF A BODY MEET A BODY

the result is a collision, whether "coming thro' the rye," or not. Life is full of collisions. We are constantly colliding with somebody or something. If it isn't with our neighbors it is with some dread diseases that "knocks us off the track" and perhaps disables us for life. Women especially it seems, have to bear the brunt of more collisions and afflictions than mankind. In all cases of nervousness, bearing-down sensations, tenderness, periodical pains, sick headache, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration and all "female irregularities" and "weaknesses," Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the rescue of women as no other medicine does. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. See *guarantee* on bottle-wrapper.

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In Central Park.

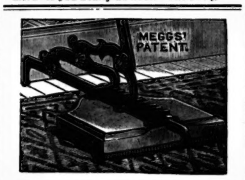
Snup—Say, Bruno, are you game for a run over to the Mall with me?

Bruno—Certainly! Just wait a minute until I take this thing over to the menagerie and lose it.—*Puck.*

An Echo of Childhood.

He—Will you have me?

Bud (first offer)—If you please.—*Life.*



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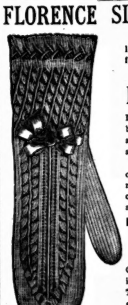

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Morocco Dressing Case, containing	5 pieces		$ 2.50
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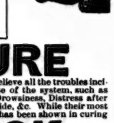

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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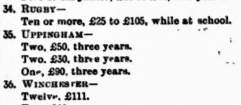
School Scholarships in England.

There are probably few people in Canada or in England, outside the teaching profession, who know the value of the scholarships offered for open competition in the English schools. We have selected thirty-six schools out of some hundred and twenty that offer entrance or other scholarships. Nearly all these schools also give leaving scholarships, tenable at one of the universities. In some few cases the entrance scholarships are restricted to sons of clergymen or officers, to orphans or to residents in the towns or country; but these restrictions are comparatively few. The age for competition is usually under fourteen, fifteen or sixteen; the subjects, classics, modern languages, mathematics, English and divinity.

It will be seen that there are over three hundred scholarships offered annually in the schools we mention, and in several cases we have not included all the scholarships open to boys while at the school. The leaving scholarships generally are valuable.

1. ALDENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL—
Fourteen under fifteen. £50 for 3 years.
Three or four senior, £60 while at school.
2. BATH COLLEGE—
Ten, £25 to £30, 2 years or more.
3. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, BRADFORD—
Three, £30 and £30, while at college.
Two, £50, while at college.
Three, £50, while at college.
4. BROMSGROVE—
Two, £50 and £25, while at school.
5. PERSE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE—
Four to six, tuition fees.
6. KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY—
Four, £75, £40, £30, £20, during good behavior.
7. CHARTERHOUSE—
Ten junior, £75, 2 to 4 years.
About ten senior, £95.
8. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE—
Ten, £20 to £30, 3 years.
9. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL—
Four, entrance, } Tuition fees.
Eight, in school, }
10. CLIFTON—
Four entrance, £25 to £50 while at school, may be increased to £30.
Ten others, £20 to £50.
11. DAVENTRY—
Twelve entrance, £20 to £35, while at school.
12. DERBY—
Five house, £40, three years.
13. DOVER COLLEGE—
Two, £40, three years.
Two, £10 10s., three years; and others.
14. DURHAM—
Four or more, £25, four years.
Three senior, £40, three years.
Two exhibitions, £50, three years.
15. FETTES COLLEGE—
£300 in amounts varying from £50 to £20, while at college.
16. EPSOM—
Seven entrance from £40 downwards, two years
Four in school, £15, one year.
17. ETON—
About twelve; educated and lodged free while at college.
18. EXETER GRAMMAR SCHOOL—
Four, £20 to £50, while at school.
19. GLENALMOND—
Four to six, £50, while at school.
20. HAILEBURY—
Four junior, £30, three years.
Three senior, £40, during good conduct.
Two senior, £30, during good conduct.
21. HARROW—
One entrance, £80, while at school.
Two entrance, £50, while at school.
Three or four entrance, £30, while at school.
One at school, £70, three years.
One at school, £30, three years.
One at school, £50, three years.
One at school, £40, three years.
One at school, £30, three years.
22. IPSWICH—
Four entrance, £40 and £35, while at school.
Two exhibition, £20, while at school.
23. VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY—
Four entrance, £20 to £10, two years.
Five in school, £30 to £10, two years.
24. LANCING—
Three or more, £30 to £45, two years at least.
25. HIGHGATE—
Three entrance, £70, £50 £40, four years.
26. INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, ISLEWORTH—
Two entrance, £30, while at college.
Five entrance, £10, while at college.
Three foundation, £24, while at college.
27. WESTMINSTER—
Ten, £50, four years.
Several, £20 to £35, two years.
28. MALVERN—
One, £30, while at school.
One, £20, while at school.
Eight about £50, while at school.
Ten about £30, while at school.
29. MARLBOROUGH—
Fifteen foundation, £30, while at school.
Two senior, £55, while at school.
Six junior £30, two years; and others.
30. ST EDWARD'S SCHOOL, OXFORD—
Six from £25 to £50.
31. HADLEY—
Four entrance, £50, four years.
One entrance, £30, four years.
One entrance, £20, four years.
Four in school, £15 to £30.
32. REPTON—
Three or four, £20 to £60, while at school.
33. ROSSALL—
Two foundation, £60 to £70, while at school.
Three or four, £20 to £40, three years.
Five or six junior, £20 to £40, two years.
34. RUGBY—
Ten or more, £25 to £105, while at school.
35. UPPINGHAM—
Two, £50, three years.
Two, £30, three years.
One, £90, three years.
36. WINCHESTER—
Twelve, £111.
Two, £40.



Paola as a performance generally will, no doubt, be treated at large by my confrere in the next column. For my part, I found it only fair from a musical stand point. It was quite reminiscent of Erminie, by the same composer, and was rather commonplace throughout, with the exception, perhaps, of the ensemble in the first act and the chorus of the brigands with solo obligato by Paola. The former of these has dash, spirit and melody as well as a clever mode of combining three separate choruses, and the latter is only one more instance of the effect of simple harmonies, of how much more beautiful they are than the choicest morsels of the musical grammarians. Miss Lenore Snyder as Paola did not show a very powerful voice, but it is one of rare sweetness, and, the powers be thanked, she sings in perfect tune, an attribute not always in evidence in comic opera divas. She sings with wonderful ease, and fairly revels in a wilderness of high C's, which cause her no effort at all. At the close of the chorus I have mentioned she sings one of these notes pianissimo with perfect ease. Compare this with the other high C's you have heard and you will see what a wonderful facility this pretty young girl has. Musically considered the other principals are not startling. Mr. Chauncey Olcott, the tenor of the company, being the best, with a voice of fairly pleasing, though effeminate, quality. If the bill of the play had not stated that the orchestra was augmented I should hardly have found it out, as the only visible additions were a cello and the inevitable piano, so that what was really one of the best comic opera companies that has visited Toronto had only indifferent orchestral support.

•

In New York they have banished the street barrel-organs and that scene of expressive art, the mechanical piano. There is a street band in Toronto now, fresh from the Vaterland, which would be very beautiful if it were banished from the city. In its presence it is the worst concatenation of disagreeing musical sounds I have ever heard. The artist who plays upon the street piano is much to be admired for the vigor with which he renders his music, and his brave and loyal adherence to rhythmic fidelity, but there can hardly be anything more excruciating than to hear one of those atrocities in the street during a lull in a lesson or a song. I was going to say that these artists have a pitch of their own a shade different from any known pitch, to which they tune these pianos, but that would be a libel, as I don't believe they ever tune the pianos.

•

Miss Agnes Huntington, the beautiful contralto, who has been singing Paul Jones for some two hundred and fifty nights in London, will shortly withdraw from the cast and will study a part in a new opera by Planquette. She is now in the zenith of her popularity in London. Speaking of popularity reminds me that Mme. Arabella Goddard, the once great pianist, is living in such poverty that the musical people of England are making up a subscription on her behalf.

•

The recent Diocesan Jubilee provided an opportunity for the massing of choirs in its services, an experiment that I believe was very successful, as many as one hundred and fifty vested choristers being on hand on several occasions. It was a curious matter, however, —and I don't know who was responsible for it —that in all these services none of the "mixed" choirs were invited to take part. Only choirs "properly vested and surpliced" were permitted to take official place in St. James'. Considering that this festival was in commemoration of the organization of a diocese in a new country where and when surplices and cassocks were the last things thought of for a choir—where there was one—and considering that a large and influential portion of the diocese is opposed to surplices, &c., and maintains the "mixed" choirs, I think a serious mistake was made and an attitude taken which will do much to kill any feeling of sympathy with some of the objects forwarded at the Jubilee. While the choirs of evangelical churches were passed over in this manner, the churches themselves were not forgotten when it became advisable to take up a general collection on Sunday, November 24. This action was the more abrupt as the general musical efficiency of the mixed choirs is greater than that of the vested choirs in Toronto. The three choirs alone of St. James' and of the Churches of the Ascension and the Redeemer have done more work and more good in the cause of good church music than all the boy choirs together.

•

I see that the Senate of the University has appointed a committee to consider the question of the affiliation of the Toronto College of Music with the University. Without wishing to prejudice the College in anyway, I cannot help thinking that if the University is to have a practical and theoretical music school, it should be the very best that can possibly be organized. It should be an organization by the University itself, on lines parallel in excellence and thoroughness with those of its other departments. The very best men (and women) in Canada, in whatever part of the country they may be, should be engaged for the various departments, and if for any of them it is impossible to find a properly qualified man in the country, import one, and a school second to none on the continent would be the result. Such a school would have such a powerful influence upon the musical future of the country that it should not be organized hurriedly or as the result of the applications of this, that, or the other individual. Too much care cannot be exercised before the stamp of the University is put upon a school or upon the graduates of a school who are sent forth to make or mar the musicians of the future.

•

Miss Adele Strauss has evidently made a success in her first appearance in New York on November 25. She was supported by Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano; Mr. W. H. Rieger, tenor; Mr. William Sparger, basso; Mr. Victor Herbert, violincello and Signor Carlos Servano, accompanist. A large audience assembled at Steinway Hall and received her efforts with warm and hearty applause, and with plentiful floral offerings. That she sang well is shown by the hearty tone of the commendatory notices in the New York press. All are unanimous in praising the beauty of her voice, while as to her singing judicious criticism makes the praise of her style and method all the more emphatic. A very warm notice appears in the *American Musician*; the *Sun* speaks of her rendition as highly artistic. The *Tribune*, whose critic is the highest musical authority in America, speaks of her voice as strong and vibrant, and used with judgment. From this it will be seen that our fair young townswoman has very brilliant prospects before her in new fields of effort. METRONOME.

Regarding the Bostonian's Opera Company which comes to the Grand next week, the Philadelphia *Press* says: "As the music-loving public has learned by disagreeable experience, there is opera and opera, and the fairest promise is sometimes followed by the poorest performance. No one, however, will run any risk of disappointment who visits the Grand Opera House while The Bostonians are playing there. This company has done no boasting, but it is far and away the best organization of its class now before the public. Its membership includes fresh, charming voices and vocal and dramatic ability which places them in first rank of the profession. The Bostonians for completeness of detail, thoroughness of preparation, and all round efficiency of principals, of chorus and of orchestra, have never been equalled by any English speaking company in this country. They are so admirable that no one who knows and enjoys good opera when he hears it can afford to miss them, and there is no reason why any one should. We feel that we are doing our musical readers a service for which, if they take our advice, they will heartily thank us for pressing the merits of The Bostonians upon their attention." They will appear at the Grand Opera House, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday in the following repertoire: Thursday evening, Pygmalion and Galatea; Friday evening, Mignon; Saturday matinee, The Mikadoers; Saturday evening, Don Quixote. The sale of seats begins Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

The Drama.

Miss Helen Barry played a very successful three-night engagement at the Academy of Music last week. Miss Barry introduced herself to Toronto in a one-act sentimental play entitled, The Cape Mail. This was put on as a curtain-raiser, but it was rather ineffective as a spirit raiser and had not Miss Barry played so well as she did in A Woman's Stratagem, which followed it, her reception would have been rather frigid. But her vigorous comedy acting in the latter play, following the lugubriousness of the former, was as warm and bright as the sunshine after a thunderstorm. And this was probably as it was intended to be. However, many thought that the curtain raiser might have been dispensed with. Miss Barry is a large handsome woman of the English type of beauty. Her voice when subdued is pleasing, but it breaks forth occasionally with a power that startles, and this, combined with her extreme softening of the letter "r," sounds to a Canadian ear at times much like the distorted English dude talk that comedians so often inflict upon us. Miss Barry's acting conveyed to me the impression of carefully studied work rather than spontaneity. But giving the impression of living a character is perhaps as much on our conception of that character harmonizing with the personality of the portrayer as anything else. It is therefore no discredit to Miss Barry to say that in her impersonation of the Countess D'Autreval only once or twice was her art lost sight of, for the fair-haired Englishwoman loomed larger than the counterfeited French countess. Miss Barry was ably supported by Miss Amy Busby and Mr. Clarence Handyside.

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Miss Marie Wainwright's engagement at the Academy of Music, which opened too late for extended notice here this week, closes with a matinee this afternoon and final performance to-night. The performance may be counted on as first-class.

At the Grand, this week, we have had J. C. Duff's Comic Opera Company in Paola. The scene of Paola, like that of Nadjy, is laid by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. In this case, as the title will suggest to the reader of history, it is in the island of Corsica. The theme of the opera is the vendettas or feuds which often existed between families among the hot-tempered peoples of those climes and which were kept up for years, being handed down as a heritage, and often the only one, from father to son. The absurd possibilities of this state of affairs has been seized upon by the writers of the opera, and to such purpose that Paola is a comic opera that is almost a comedy—an opera in which the satire is directed against an object which is never lost sight of, neither drowned by waves of melody nor trodden under the feet of an Amazonian phalanx.

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But it must not then be inferred that there is dearth of either of these two very essential factors in comic opera of the present day in Paola. Of the melody I shall not say more than that it is not wanting and the Amazonian feet are even more numerous than in any of the companies that have visited us lately. The large chorus is divided into three groups representing soldiers, sailors and dainty Corsican maidens. The costumes are extremely beautiful, and the various groupings produce, with the artistically painted scenery, most beautiful and effective tableaux. The two scenes shown in Paola deserve special mention, as better specimens of scenic art are rarely if ever seen here. Both represent water scenes.

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Mr. Harry Paulton, who is one of the authors of the libretto of Paola, is the shining light of the Duff company. Mr. Paulton is so well known here through his connection with Erminie and Dorothy that it is almost unnecessary to speak of his laughter-producing powers. As the chief supporter of one end of "the glorious vendetta," he is irresistible. Miss Louise Beaudet, as Chilina, infuses her part with a kittenish vivacity and coquettish piquancy that is liable to turn a head not too firmly set on. She dances with a dainty step, and acts much better than she sings. Miss Lenore Sayzer in the title role is also clever. The rest of the company belong to the musical department.

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M'lle Rhea, the celebrated actress and beautiful woman, will appear at the Grand the first three nights of next week with a Wednesday matinee. When she appeared here last year in Much Ado About Nothing she was warmly received. This year she will produce her new play, Josephine, Empress of the French. The play is said to be a succession of striking scenes. The story is the pathetic one of Josephine's enduring love for Napoleon Bonaparte, her divorce, the parting, the triumph of her rival. But through it all runs the unswerving fidelity of Josephine to the man who had cast her off, until it terminates in her death as Napoleon returns from Elba at the head of a conquering army. The death scene is very powerful. The work is said to be most cleverly written and dramatically strong in every regard. Besides all this it is produced with every attention to detail and *ensemble*. Magnificent special scenery is carried, and the costumes, properties and effects are all new, elegant and appropriate.

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This week Mr. N. S. Wood has been playing at the Toronto Opera House in his new drama, Out in the Streets. It is no uncommon thing to find in plays the unities disregarded and the whole current of the action arrested in order to introduce something, humorous or sensational, to tickle the fancy or stir the pulses of the unthinking public who care neither for realistic treatment nor artistic improbability. That a large percentage of theater goers require their dramatic food highly spiced with humor or the reverse gives rise to a problem which confronts all managers. The question is, "How much can be conceded to this class without alienating the more intelligent and deeply thinking portion of our patrons?" Sometimes it is attempted to please one class alone, sometimes the other and sometimes to give a play that will be of interest to both. Out in the Streets is a play constructed to please those who do not look below the surface—who do not care for sense, but must have sensation. Not that this play is so wildly improbable! It bears upon it the "outward form and semblance" of reality, but when exposed a moment to the fresh air of truth and common sense, it crumbles all away. Mr. N. S. Wood is a *petite* young man possessed of some cleverness and a voice of such timbre that takes most of the heroism out of his speeches. He has heretofore been very successful in heroic-bootblack *roles*, and in this play essays something higher, but does not seem "to the manner born." He is, however, much better than any of the company supporting him. The scenic arrangements of Out in the Streets are very good.

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Next week at the Toronto will be played a new drama founded on the American Civil War, entitled, The Blue and the Gray. It is said to be put on with much excellent scenery and to contain a battle scene in which a whole company of troops is introduced. The play was a great success at Niblo's Theater, New York, where it ran several weeks to crowded houses. The story is said to be strongly sympathetic and not unlike Held by the Enemy in many respects. The company is the original New York company, and nearly sixty people are employed in the stage production.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Helen Barry laughed merrily as she recounted to me last Saturday her adventure of the morning.

"I went to the University and was shown around. The boys were assembled for a lecture and they would have me make a speech—utter nonsense you know, but I did it, and they cheered me heartily." I acted just like a man. "'Woman's rights,' you say—well yes; and, speaking candidly, I do think a well-educated, intelligent woman is superior to a man."

Dignified in demeanor, gracious in speech, winning in personality, I scarcely expected to hear an Englishwoman make such a decided statement.

"Am I English?" (a moment later). "Well, I scarcely can tell you. My mother was an Italian, my father was an Irishman, I was born in England—what am I?"

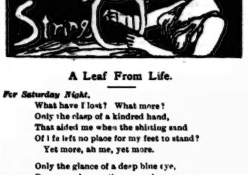
"I met Mr. ———, your manager," I began presently.

"No, not my manager, my treasurer. I manage my own company."

Miss Barry's firm-lined mouth assured me that she was capable of any amount of "managing."

"Comedy is my delight. People want it. I am always looking for new comedy, and it is hard to find, I can tell you. I can get plays—hundreds of them—but they are all serious, and the old-time wits are dead or death. The world will weep over sadness, but they prefer pleasantry, they want to be amused. People go to the theater for recreation, and it is not fair to force them to wall over acted sorrow. Mind you, I do not believe in pure acting. We must feel. I do not think any one can play love, unless one knows all about it; and other people will never sadden at a simulation of sorrow, unless the portrayer has suffered. It deepens one's feeling—I know by experience, for I have had trouble."

A moment's pause, the lids closed over a pair of wonderful dancing eyes, and in lowered tones Miss Barry said: "I lost a dearly loved husband after we were married only nine months. And I give you my word of honor, I would rather pay a hundred dollars than play The Cape Mail, which I do this afternoon. It comes too close to my heart, and yet the people like it and want it, so I pay it, but, oh yes, I do believe we learn to act through our own experiences." Miss Barry's face is strong, but very kindly. The humor in her intonation and gesture is not alone for the stage. Her conversation sparkles with merriment, and her little French shrug and ever moving fingers tell of the animation and energy which she surely possesses.



A Leaf From Life.

For Saturday Night.

What have I lost? What more?
Only the clasp of a kindred hand,
That sided me when the shining sand
Of life left no place for my feet to stand?
Yet more, ah me, yet more.

Only the glance of a deep blue eye,
Pure as clear as the azure sky,
That fettered my soul, I knew not why?
Yet more, ah me, yet more.

Only a kindly thought or word,
That sent my soul to its depths had stirred,
Ere I did wish the sickness of hope deferred?
Yet more, ah me, yet more.

Only my faith in a promise given,
Ah, there was aid me, in vain I've striven,
To banish the doubt that my soul has riven!
No more, I need no more.

CLARA H. MONTCASTLE,
(Carlo Sima.)

Eye Wisdom.

For Saturday Night.

When man relies on woman's eyes
His destiny to show forth,
He'd best beware the black arts there,
The treachery and so forth.
Each dear deceit seems oh! so sweet,
Desirable and truthful,
The simple taste, the joy to taste
And such a bitter toothful.

Eyes raven black may well bring back
One's dread of that dark omen,
And eyes of gray will soon betray
One's credence in a woman.
Soft eyes of brown should win no crown
For falsehood with the blunt;
In every pair lies love's despair,
The newest and the truest.

The Chinese play looks very gay
With lamps of colored paper,
When every flame burns quite the same
Upon a tallow taper.
So woman's eyes if true were wise
Are lanterns highly tinted,
A tallow kind of light behind,
And tallow rather stinted.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

The Baby in the Car.

It was midnight in the sleeper,
And all had gone to rest:
For four long days they'd traveled
Far from the golden West.
Weary tired and wanting sleep,
They'd just begun to doze,
When long and loud, with piercing strength,
A baby's cry arose.

"Pass only a three months' baby,
With lungs enough for ten,
And one by one that baby's cry
Awoke those sleeping men.
Then a sine began to curse and swear,
And some from curtains peep,
With "Dare the child," "Confound the brat,"
"We paid to get some sleep."

Trying to hush the little one,
His face with sorrow stamped,
Still up and down in the sleeping car
The youthful father tramped.
To a crusty western magnate,
With anger in his eye,
Burst forth in furious temper
At the color's continuity;
"Take the brat back to his mother,
She is the proper nurse;
I guess she's in another car
Ask her if about the curse;
Where is its mother, damn it?" [
But the father sadly said,
"My wife is in her coffin
In the baggage car ahead."
Then a hush fell on the passengers,
Too angry man grew mild,
And said, "Go it with her, my friend,
Give me your little child."

—N. Y. Truth.

The Station Master of Lone Prairie.

(UNION PACIFIC R. R., 1880.)

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching,
A bare, black shed in blacker silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them stretching,
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.

North, south, east, west—the same dull gray persistence,
The tainted vapors of a vanished rain,
The narrowing rails that meet as pierce the distance,
Or break the column of the far-off rain.

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushes level and stark shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.

Nothing beyond. Ah, yes! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by;

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care;

Each following his own thought—aroint us, darkening,
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track;
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long-lost voices that will not come back;

Until, unasked—I know not why or wherefore—
He yielded to my bid, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that some sad wind to thicken there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had started
From the stations east to this in plain painted face;
Heard the wolves howl the weary, gray waste that parted
His father's hut from the last camping place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the reaping
With a sythe of fire of lands he once had sown;
Sent the tornado—rent his hearth-stone sweeping
Roof, and dead, and wife, that were like his own.

"Then came the war time. When his whole heart beckoned
He must walk alone day where that flag was last
Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, unreckoned—
One—
To famine, fever, and a prison hold;

"Till the storm passed, and the silver tide returning
Carried him, a wreck, beneath a native sky;
At this home where gave him the chance of earning
Some means to live—where was the right to die."

All this I hear—or seemed to hear—half dreaming
With the low murmur of the coming breeze,
The cool—cool—not bit, and the unending
And endless sobbing of its sad gray seas.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a low moving star and far-off cry,
The coming train! I gain one sad look at the station,
All is as empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed levels and stark shining waste—
Naught but myself, the cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breath one hasty!

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The station master?
That's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that town train disaster
Take time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"

BERT HARTE in the *Independent*.

Noted People.

Prince Albert Victor will probably prolong his stay in the East, and it is unlikely that he will return to England before the middle of next summer.

Buffalo Bill contemplates taking his Wild West show to India. Certain Indian potentates who visited Paris this summer advised him to do so.

President Fonseca of Brazil, has two daughters, one of whom is married to an Englishman and the other to an American. His boys were educated at an American school.

Archdeacon Jones, late Archdeacon of Liverpool, who has attained the age of 98 and has been in holy orders for seventy-four years, is believed to be the oldest clergyman in the Church of England.

D'Albert, the pianist now playing in New York with Sarsate, was born in Scotland, bred in England, and received his musical education in Germany. He is a musical wonder, and a credit to the country that taught him how to play.

Hubbard T. Smith of the war department in Washington sold his song, Listen to My Tale of Woe, to a Washington publisher for $15. A few days ago a British house offered him $10,000 for the exclusive right to publish the song in Europe.

The Countess Magri, better known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, is said to have fine business ability, and she plans the routes and makes arrangements for her traveling company. She is the possessor of five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, which she wears at her performances.

There is much alarm at the Court of Vienna about the Queen Regent of Spain, who contemplates contracting a morganatic marriage, and the hurried visit of her uncle, the Archduke Albrecht, to Madrid, was connected with this project, to which the Emperor and all her family are strongly opposed.

Mr. John S. Sargent has taken the studio of Miss Dora Wheeler, in New York, for the winter. Miss Wheeler is going to spend the winter months in California with her parents. Mr. Sargent spends most of his time abroad, but lately he has had so many orders for portraits from Americans that he passed last winter in New York, and will pass this here also.

Miss Mary Redmond is a young woman in Ireland who is rapidly winning distinction in her profession of sculpture. Some months ago she succeeded, where others had failed, in producing after his death a wonderfully life-like bust of the late E. Dwyer Gray, M.P. She has just finished sittings from Mr. Gladstone for his bust, the commission for which was intrusted to her through the instrumentality of the Countess of Aberdeen.

Some years ago a daughter of Harriet Beecher Stowe gave Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett a thin gold ring, set with a single moonstone (moonstones are accounted as lucky stones), and shortly afterward she made her first success in the field of literature, where she had formerly labored in vain. She laughingly attributes her success to the moonstone, and since then the ring has never left her finger, and she declares it never will.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, once the gay and dazzling sovereign lady toward whom the eyes of all Europe were turned, is said to be more than usually infirm this season, and spends a great portion of her time in silence and meditation, whether she is lodged in her own home or visiting at the mansion of some friend. When her fits of gloom come on, she is capable of remaining sleepless, speechless, without eating, drinking, or noticing any one around her for twenty-four hours at a time. Persuasion and persistent attempts to bring her to a sense of her surroundings only make her case worse.

It is well, says *Modern Society*, that the Duchess of Sparta has some money of her own, for she will need it in her new sphere. There was an extensive air of greatness about her wedding, and the presents were valuable enough for an empress; but when it comes to settling down and running up household bills, any dashing extravagance is out of the question. Neither as crown princess, nor as queen, will the fair Sophia ever be rich; but at any rate she runs the happy chance of being called majesty some fine morning, and may feel grateful that her mother's broad religious views enabled her to put up with the Greek faith.

New York *Truth* says:—The sending of the female reporter, Nellie Bly, round the world is a hustling feat that is pretty sure to command attention for our ever surprising contemporary, the *World*. The successful accomplishment of the feat within the time alloted, will be an interesting demonstration of the modern facilities of travel, no less than the facilities of journalism. Nellie Bly possesses and has shown in her order of work just the requisites for such an undertaking. But I cannot understand the motive that prompted Mr. Brisbane Walker, the wideawake proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, to send off Miss Elizabeth Bisland to enter into competition with the *World's* flyer. There is no sort of comparison to be made of the two women. One is a journalist and the other a literary woman. One travels, the other thinks. One is possessed of the ever victorious gall that "gets there," the other is a sensible, refined, rather retiring, and altogether reflective little body, who can review a book much better than she can catch a train.

A source of real anxiety to the Queen, and all the Royal Family, exists in the alarming accounts received from Wiesbaden, that Princess Christian is suffering from an affection of the eyes similar to that which afflicted her great grandfather, George III., and also the blind King of Hanover, and fears are entertained that she may lose her sight altogether. Many and fervent are the well-wishers, beyond her own family circle, who pray that a beloved Princess may be spared the terrible affliction of becoming blind. The Princess Christian has hit upon a charming method of at once giving pleasure to her children by providing them with a delightful present, and at the same time giving them something which will be of use to them hereafter. Her means being somewhat limited, she knows that under ordinary circumstances pearls and diamonds would be forbidden luxuries for her daughters; she, therefore, ever since they were babies, has made a rule of giving to each of them on their birthdays two lovely pearls. Thus, by the time the young ladies are twenty, they will each have a fine pearl necklace, thanks to their mother's ingenuity, for the money could never been raised to buy a whole necklace at one fell swoop.

Art and Artists.

Most of our artists have returned to the city and those that I have seen are making vigorous preparations to put on canvas the spoils of this summer's outing. And judging from the quantity of the material thus gathered which I have seen, and the divergent sources from which it has been taken, we may expect an unusually interesting display at our spring exhibition. Mr. O'Brien will present something different from his former work on account of having spent the past summer in England. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith has again invaded the Rockies and our other artists who seek their inspiration in the hills, the streams, the forests and on the sounding shore will tell us on their canvas whither their footsteps have strayed. Our portrait artists, who do not need to go so far for their material, have not been idle and will doubtless make a good showing.

The recent exhibition of summer sketches at the Art Students' League rooms was a source of attraction to many of our best citizens. There was little attempt made at elaborate arrangement. Few of the sketches were framed, but in their very incompleteness, seemed to be of more interest to the public than finished work. So few people are admitted to see the mysteries of picture-making that unfinished work is a novel revelation to the general public, and in this case it was thoroughly appreciated. Another taking feature was the exhibition of a lithographic drawing on the stone, wood blocks engraved and zinc engravings, which showed the application of art to industrial work. The League in thus taking the public into its confidence and not attempting to be anything else than it is—an association of students and workers—is on the right track, and is not likely to suffer for pursuing such a course.

Mr. G. A. Reid intends to begin a picture shortly which will illustrate some phase of Canadian life—a line in which Mr. Reid is most successful. After his year's study in Paris, during which he succeeded in getting a painting into the Salon, we may expect several good things from his brush next year.

I hear many good words spoken for the beautiful and characteristic cover designed for SATURDAY NIGHT's holiday number by Mr. C. M. Manley. Mr. Manley is an earnest young Canadian artist, with high aspirations and possessed of the true artist's spirit, which will ultimately lead him to success. VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

The Association Alexanders having convinced all Canadian opponents, much against the said opponents' will, that they are champions indeed, are looking about for new worlds to conquer. A tour through the States during the Christmas holidays is mooted, and will doubtless be carried out. We have no fears of the result. We can only express the hope that their pleasure may be as great as their triumph.

At the Literary Society last week the advisability of adopting the metric system in this country was discussed. The essay of the occasion, of which the subject was Geology, was written and read by Mr. Bowman. The gentleman treated his theme in a manner interesting even to those not skilled in the lore of crystals and corals.

This meeting marks a departure in the policy of the committee. It is proposed henceforth to devote more of the attention of the society to the consideration of scientific subjects. Consistently with this idea, the bone of contention for this week's meeting was: "Resolved that the man Harvey was not insane." Some itching fingers defaced the notice on the bulletin board by substituting for the words "man Harvey" the words "Executive Committee," which was a base and baseless insinuation. The committee clearly is beyond question. The subject was discussed by four undergraduates in medicine. Mr. C. L. Starr, also a med., was the reader. Thus the committee has made laudable efforts to secure the co-operation of our fellow undergrads. in medicine, in the ordinary work of the society.

Still another departure is promised. A notice of motion to resolve the society into a mock parliament once in three weeks is now in the hands of the secretary. This is an expedient which has been found useful in other societies and will prove of at least temporary benefit in ours. It certainly deserves support. I fancy the real evil which afflicts the society is a lack of a finely-tempered public opinion. When the audience demands, respects and liberally and judiciously applauds the very best efforts of those who appear before it, we shall have a good society. Then any ill-prepared speaker or reader who may dare present himself will be stamped down with emphatic propriety.

A public debate is announced for next Friday evening in Convocation Hall. The debaters elected are Messrs. W. H. Graham, '90, J. S. Scott, '92, G. A. Wilson, '90, and C. A. Chant, '90. The gentlemen have not yet made known their subject. Mr. F. J. Davidson has been chosen as essayist.

On Thursday afternoon Dr. Harley Smith, president of the Literary Society, delivered an address before the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. J. Fraser Bryce has been kept busy during the past few weeks taking the photographs of the handsome class of '90 for the graduating group.

A philosophical society has been organized by the metaphysical men of '92. The age of sophisters has come. Of making many societies there is no end.

Mr. W. F. Robinson, B.A., well remembered as a stalwart of the affirmatives of the elections of '87, is studing law in the city.

I was forcibly reminded the other day of the necessity for a gymnasium when I saw four enthusiastic ducks waddling about the campus in the beautiful snow. It would be a great boon if some one of the many hollows hereabouts could be utilized to provide undergrads. with a rink. Nature has done her share.

The regular weekly meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held on Tuesday afternoon. The programme consisted of an address by the president, discussion of problems by Mr. R. Henderson, and physical experiments by members. If the society would consent to display some of the wonders of physics before the Literary Society now and then, no doubt the kindness would be highly appreciated.

The Modern Language Club met as usual on Monday. It was French day; Octave Feuillet was the author discussed. Mr. C. N. Munro officiated at the piano most acceptably. After a reading by Mr. A. Shiel, '92, Miss Thacker read an interesting paper on Bellah, Mr. A. M. Stewart, '91, followed with a well-considered paper on La Triorie. At the word of command from the master of ceremonies, Mr. W. H. Graham, the society suddenly resolved itself into a conversation club, as is the usual custom.

Mr. Wm. Houston again favored the Political Science Club with his presence and assistance on Wednesday; this time leading a discussion on currency. Mr. John B. Pike contributed a paper showing the economic importance of the Manitoulin Islands.

A third assistant has been added to the library staff. Mr. McDougall, '93, is the new man. We have never had a more efficient or obliging staff than the present, in consequence of which dissatisfaction, which has been not unknown in times past, is now *nil*. NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

The last week has been one of hard work for the Trinity student owing to the near approach of the Christmas exams. which begin on Wednesday next and continue till the following Friday, on the evening of which day there will be a general exodus, and the hard worked undergrads. can enjoy a three weeks' rest at their respective homes.

A devotional meeting of the Missionary and Theological Society was held in the Provost's lecture room on Saturday evening last when the Rev. J. C. Roper, M.A., rector of St. Thomas', delivered a most earnest address on the approaching advent season which was heard with great attention by all present.

The following have been elected to fill the vacancies in the representation of Corporation on the College Council: G. A. Maclaurie, M.A., Toronto, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of S. J. Vankoughnet, D. C. L., and J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of House of Commons, Ottawa, to fill that caused by the death of C. J. Furgeson, B.C.L.

The photograph of the freshmen taken last week has proved to be a decidedly flattering one—not that flattery is needed—and will shortly adorn the walls of the reading room.

The weekly meeting of the Literary Institute was held on Friday evening last, Mr. Norgate occupying the chair. The attendance was small and the debate, "Resolved, that Washington was not justified in taking the stand he did in the American war," was extremely poor. Mr. MacInnes was the only one of the debaters to say anything to the point and practically won the debate for the affirmative. Mr. Dumbrelle's motion to change the hours for opening the Institute library was defeated. The meeting then adjourned.

Six members of the Trinity choir have consented to take part in the services for young men held at St. George's Church on the first Sunday of every month.

The December number of the Trinity University *Review* will not appear until December 24, owing to the Christmas examinations. The size of the paper will be even greater than last month, and articles may be looked forward to from several prominent Canadian writers, among which will be an article on some political subject by Dr. Bourinot.

The third meeting of the Science Association was held in the dining hall, on Thursday evening last, when Mr. J. H. Smyth, B.Sc., showed some very interesting and instructive experiments in electricity. The attendance was fair and all present appeared deeply interested in the address which treated of electricity in general.

Dr. Bourinot delivered the first of his series of lectures on Comparative Politics, on Tuesday afternoon last in the Convocation Hall. So able a lecturer could not fail to have a goodly number of hearers and among those present were: Rev. Provost Body, Rev. Professors Jones, Clark and Boys, Rev. Canon Du-Moulin, Rev. Canon Tremayne, Messrs. Barlow Cumberland, J. A. Worrell, E. C. Cayley, J. S. Broughall, E. K. Martin, John Carter, S. F. Houston, Prof. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Cayley, the Misses Strachan, the Misses Bethune, Miss Wallace, Mrs. and Miss Cartwright. After a few introductory words from the Provost in which he reminded the audience of Dr. Bourinot's last lectures at Trinity which have since been published by the University of Johns Hopkins and have had an immense circulation, the lecturer announced his subject to be the Comparison of the Political Systems of Canada and the United States. He pointed out the importance of the study of Political Science and the great attention paid to it at the different American universities, and then proceeded to review the more important differences in the political systems of the two countries, and clearly showed the superiority of the Canadian system. The manner of voting in this country had been tried in several of the States across the border, and it was found that no system for securing the privacy of the ballot was as effective as the Canadian. He then described the governments of the two countries in a thoroughly masterly manner, and ended by saying, "That Canada looks forward to the future in the hope that the destiny which is now shaping her ends will at some time give her a higher position among the nations of the world." The next lecture will be delivered on Tuesday, December 17, the subject being The Federal System of Switzerland.

His First Rub Against Sorrow.

Recent Graduate of Yaleharbia College—Do you need any assistance in editing your paper, sir? I'm Mr. Anthony Wilberforce Huxton Pawker, A.M.
Editor—Call around in the p. m., Mr. Alphabet; I'm busy now.—*Judge.*

Church Talks.

A SMALL company assembled last Sunday morning in the Friends' Meeting House on Pembroke street.

It is severely plain—no cushions, no carpets, little pulpit furniture and sober-hued walls.

If the simple style be followed in furnishing, why not in dressing? Elegant furs, rich plushes and drooping plumes looked to me out of place. The only thing which seemed a part of the church was a Quaker bonnet in front of me. Stiff in its outlines, made of black silk with a tiny white bow at the back, it interested me, and coming out I caught sight of the face beneath it.

Calm and gentle, it suited my preconceived ideas of Quakeresses, and I could fancy one learning to love the simple garb, and, loving it, preferring it to all other for life.

Eleven had come and gone. A few late worshippers entered, but still the good Friends sat in silence.

To one unaccustomed to this, wonder at the unwonted stillness would preclude the possibility of meditation.

Quieter and quieter the church became. I could hear my watch ticking, and for a moment it seemed as if it were wrong to let it go on. A small boy's boot thumped against the bare boards. A rustle of silk announced a change of position, and then from my right came the clearly voiced words: "Hymn twenty-four."

The hymn was sung through without instrumental aid, and then a prayer was offered.

The service was conducted at intervals by various members of the congregation. A psalm was recited and commented on, another prayer made, a few words spoken, and then, after perhaps ten minutes' perfect quiet, an elder announced the evening service and the afternoon Sabbath school. All joined in the closing hymn and the service was at an end.

"Did you like it?" I asked of my companion.

"Yes," was the reply. "It seems to me that it is a good plan for people to sit down and think; and what's wrong with me is, I get little time for reflection."

"You weren't thinking when you began to read your hymn book through."

"No, but I enjoyed reading the hymns; and I'm very glad we went there this morning."

The simplicity of the whole service, the utter absence of all prepared preaching, the earnest, heartfelt words, the sober yet happy faces, combined to render the quiet service in the Quaker church a remarkable one, and one of which I shall keep pleasant recollections for many days to come. F. B. C.

The Apostle of Women's Rights.

On Tuesday morning last, I interviewed Miss Susan B. Anthony, one of the leaders of the Women's Rights movement.

I had spoken of her as the leader, but she stopped me with: "One of the leaders—Mrs. Stanton is the mother of the movement."

Miss Anthony is tall and rather slender. She has blue eyes, iron-gray hair and a very strong nose and decided chin.

In conversation, though her speech is fluent, her sentences are well rounded, and impress one with the idea that much thought precedes utterance.

"In Canada, now, you see you allow spinsters and widows to share in municipal matters; but we want universal suffrage and we will have it.

"Now Wyoming has come in with some, and we are going to concentrate our forces on South Dakota.

"Women should help themselves. They groan over things but will not stir to improve their position."

"What do they groan over, Miss Anthony?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, a woman may help her husband make a fortune. He dies and she can only get one-third of the property, when she should have half. If there are no children the balance goes to his family—that is wrong."

"Would you have married women vote?" I inquired again.

"Why, certainly—every one."

"But think of the lively arguments there would be, and what a great deal of time would be taken."

"Why, a woman need go only once a year to mark her ballot."

"But she would need to study the subject all the rest of the year."

"That's just what we want," exclaimed Miss A. "Women should think more. They should have a higher aim than to clean fly specks off windows and hover around soup-kettles."

"Do you think you will get universal suffrage?" I asked, meekly.

"Indeed I do. I have been working for it for forty years; and it is coming as fast as it can."

Miss Anthony is well preserved, and one would scarcely think it possible that her birthday next February will bring her to seventy years. But she told me so without reserve.

"Yes," in reply to a query, "I am a Quaker in good standing. I do not say thee and thou, or wear a gathered bonnet, but I am a Quaker all the same. I go from here to Rochester and then on to Washington where we shall remain all winter and in February open a series of meetings right in the city of legislation. We want to be able to put our finger on the government of the country, and say, 'We will have it so, or you will not be elected by our votes.'"

Richly dressed in black satin, trimmed with elegant lace, a dainty white frill and delicate jersey pin at her throat, Miss Anthony looked a fashionable woman.

She is earnest, very earnest, thoughtful and hopeful for the future, which she thinks will bring better times when a woman with a ballot claims her rights.

The Old Enthusiasm Gone.

A gentleman who was in Paris during the summer just past, remarks that one of the things which struck him most forcibly and unpleasantly was the singing of the "Marseillaise" by three thousand Frenchmen, chosen from the leading choral societies of the city. They assembled in the open air, and lifted up their voices together in the song which for the last century has made every Frenchman's heart thrill when it has sounded in his ears.

And the song rose on the air, beautifully sung, finished and elegant, and utterly lacking in fire. Of old, when it was forbidden to sing the "Marseillaise," a dozen men roaring it in an obscure cabaret would inflame the entire quarter, and in the fiery days of the revolution a single voice would raise a neighborhood to deeds of blood simply by singing the inspiring words. Now it was without force. It was correct, and all enthusiasm had died out of it.

"And what is France," some one asked, "when it is possible to sing the 'Marseillaise' in her streets without raising the paving stones?"—*Boston Courier.*

She Had a Better Pasture.

A good-for-nothing fellow who used to dress like a sailor and did nothing but beg, came to the house of a lady who had the reputation of being very benevolent. He thought he would melt her heart with a rather clever dodge. Reaching the lawn in front of the window where the lady was sitting, he began eating the grass. Presently she came to the door and asked why he ate the grass. He replied because he had nothing else to eat.

"Oh," said she, "my poor dear sailor man, come into the house," and leading him through the hall she took him to the back door, and opening it remarked, "Go outside, you will find the grass longer there."

Only a Brief Stay.

He was one of those dry old jokers, and as he settled his portly frame into a Murray rotunda rocker for his after dinner smoke, a dashing, fashionably dressed young man rushed up, held out his hand and exclaimed:

"Well, I declare, Judge, when did you get in?"

"Oh, t'other day; when did you come?" returned the "Judge."

"Last night over the Burlington."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"As long as my money holds out," chuckled the young man.

"Sorry you're going to leave so soon," observed the Judge, without cracking a smile.—*Omaha Republican.*

How He Raised It.

"Do they ever find any buried treasure in these old Mexican houses?" asked a visitor from the North to a Texas man.

"Occasionally. I once raised a pot of gold in one of them," replied the Texan.

Stranger—Raised it with a spade, I suppose?

Texan—Yes, with five of them—straight flush.—*Texas Siftings.*

Why He Was Sorry.

Whipper—You seem sorry you met Clipper.

Snapper—Yes, indeed I do. He asked my opinion about a girl I knew.

Whipper—Well, what of that?

Snapper—I gave it to him before he told me he was going to marry her.

Operating for a Rise.

When Cardinal Mazarin heard that certain pamphlets were in circulation in which he was held up to ridicule, he feigned great indignation, ordered all the copies to be confiscated, and afterwards sold them at enormous prices.

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XI.

Hubert Lepel had accepted his sister's invitation to Beechfield Hall for two nights only; but, as he had given her to understand, he was quite willing to come again, supposing of course that she made his visit agreeable to him. So far—an hour and a half after his first arrival—it had not been very agreeable. He had been obliged to allude to a matter which was highly unpleasant to him, and he had had to stand by while his sister burst into quite unnecessary and incomprehensible tears. He was a soft-hearted a man as he had been eight years ago, and he told himself impatiently that he could not stand much more of this kind of thing.

For the last three years he had been, as Florence had said, almost always out of England. When his search for Jane Wood proved a failure, he had taken a strong dislike for a time to London life and London ways. He had been making money by his literary work, and was well able to afford himself a little recreation. He went to Egypt therefore, and to India, took a look at China and Japan, and came home by way of South America. He did not care to go too much in beaten tracks; and during his absence he wrote a book or two which were fairly successful, and a play which made a great sensation. He had come back to London now and was at work upon another play, on which great hopes had been founded. If it were as successful as the first, there was every likelihood of his becoming a rich man. He had got his head fairly above water, and meant to keep it there; he conceived that he had brooded too long over the past.

He had seen little Dick Vane when he first arrived, and he had spent nearly two hours with Florence; but he had not yet encountered the general or the general's niece and adopted daughter, Enid Vane. The two had gone out riding, and did not return until after five o'clock.

"Just in time for tea!" said the general, in a tone of profound satisfaction. "I thought that we were later. And how do you find yourself, Hubert, my dear boy! Why, I declare I shouldn't have known you! Should you, Enid? He is as brown as a Hindoo."

"Would you have known me!" said Hubert, with a smile at the girl who followed her uncle into the room and now gave him her hand by way of greeting. The smile was forced in order to conceal a momentary twitch of his features, which he could not quite control at the first sight of Sydney Vane's daughter; but it looked natural enough.

The girl raised her eyes to his face with a shy sweet smile.

"I am afraid that I don't remember very well," she said, and Hubert thought that he had never seen anything much prettier than her smile.

She was seventeen, and looked so fair, so delicate, in her almost childish loveliness of outline and expression that Florence's white skin became haggard and hard in comparison. Her slight figure was disguised to full advantage by a well-made riding-habit, and under her correct little high hat her golden hair shone like sunshine. There was a soft color in her cheeks, a freshness on her smiling lips, that made the observer long to kiss them, as if they belonged to some simple child. Her manner was almost that of a child—frank, naïve, direct and unembarrassed; but in her eyes there lurked a shadow which contradicted the innocent simplicity of her expressive countenance. It was not a shadow of evil, but of sadness, of a subdued melancholy—the sadness of a girl whose life had been darkened in early life by some undeserved calamity. It was a look that redeemed her face from the charge of inanimateness that might otherwise have been brought against it, and gave it that faintly sombre touch which was especially fascinating to a man like Hubert Lepel.

He continued to talk to the general, who had questions to ask him concerning his travels and his friends; but his eyes followed the movements of the girl as she stepped quietly about the room, pouring out tea for one, carrying cake and biscuits to another. Twice he sprang up to assist her, but was met with a smile and a shake of the head from her, and the assurance from her uncle that Enid liked waiting on people—he need not try to take her vocation from her. He had to sit down again, and thought, half against his will, of that other Enid—Tennyson's Enid, in her faded gown—and of Prince Geraint's desire to kiss the dainty thumb "that crossed the trencher as she set it down." He at least was no Geraint, he said to himself to win this maiden's heart. But he watched her, nevertheless, with a growing admiration which was not a little dangerous.

With a faint cynical smile Florence noted the direction of his eyes. As soon as her husband and his niece entered the room, she had lapsed into the graceful indolent silence which seemed habitual to her. Enid brought her a cup of tea, and ministered to her wants with assiduity and gentleness of manner, though, as Hubert thought, with no great show of affection; and Florence accepted the girl's attentions with perfect equanimity and a caressing word or two of thanks. And yet Hubert fancied—he knew not why—that there was no look of love in Flossy's drooping eyes.

"Please may I come in?" said Master Dick's small treble at the door. He was a fair, blue-eyed little fellow, but not much like either his father or his mother, thought Hubert, as the child stood in the doorway and looked rather doubtfully into the room.

Florence's brow contracted for a moment.

"Why are you not having your nursery tea?" she said. "We do not want you here unless we send for you."

"I want to see Uncle Hubert," persisted the boy stolidly.

Hubert held out his hand to him with a smile that children still found winning.

"Come in, little man," he said. "I want to see you too."

Dick marched in at once, still however keeping an eye fixed upon his mother. There was something almost like fear in the look; and it was noticeable that neither the General nor Enid spoke to invite him into the room.

"You may come in," Florence said at last, very coldly—almost as one might speak to a grown person whom one had strong reason to dislike—"but you cannot stay more than five minutes. You are not well, you know."

"Oh, come, I think we all want him!" said Hubert good-humoredly. "I wish to make my nephew's acquaintance, and I have something for him in my portmanteau upstairs."

Florence made a sudden and, as it seemed, involuntary gesture, and knocked down a vase of flowers on the table at her right hand. There was some confusion in consequence, as the flowers had to be gathered up and the fragments of the broken vase collected, so that Hubert had little opportunity of talking to his nephew. And, as soon as the fuss," as he mentally called it, was over, Mrs. Vane said, in her coldest, slowest voice—

"Now, Dick, you may go to the nursery. Say good night."

"Good night!" questioned Hubert. "Why, he does not go to bed at this hour in the afternoon, does he?"

"He goes at half-past six or seven," replied Florence. "Pray do not interfere with nursery regulations, my dear Hubert."

"I shall see more of him to-morrow, I suppose," said Hubert, smiling at the child's wistful face as he went from one to another to say good night.

Little Dick's eyes lit up at once, but the light in them died out when, on tip-toe, as if afraid of disturbing her, he approached his mother. Hubert thought that there was a touch of something odd in the manner of every one present, and was glad to see that Enid's kisses and whispered words of endearment brought a flush of pleasure to the child's delicate cheeks before he turned away.

The general then took possession of the visitor and marched him off to look at the stables. The old man had recovered all his old cheerfulness and heartiness of manner; there was a little more feebleness in his gait than there used to be, and he walked with a stick, but Hubert was pleased to see that his eyes were bright, and to find him loquaciously inclined. The shock of Sydney's death had not seriously affected him and Hubert was conscious of a thrill of relief at the slight of his evident health and happiness. Considering that Mr. Lepel believed himself to have closed his heart against the world, he was singularly open to attacks of painful memory. He was annoyed by his own readiness to be hurt, and almost wished that he had not come to Beechfield.

He saw neither of the ladies again until dinner-time, when he thought that Enid looked even lovelier in her simple white frock than in her riding habit. He drank more than a good deal at dinner, and made up his mind that she was the very model of an ideal heroine—sweet, gentle, pure-minded, he believed—all but, the fresh young English girl should be. The type did not attract him greatly; but it was just as well to study so perfect a specimen when he had occasion at hand; he meant to introduce a girl of this sort into his next novel, and he preferred portraiture to mere invention. He would keep it moved in mind when he talked to her; it would perhaps prevent any dwelling on unpleasant subjects—for, oh, how like the girl's eyes were to those of her dead father!

So he sat by the piano after dinner, while Enid played dreamy melodies that soothed the general into slumber, and then he persuaded her to walk with him in the moonlight on the terrace, and talked to her of his strange adventures in foreign lands until the child thought she had never heard anything half so wonderful before. And, as they passed and repassed the windows, they were watched by Florence Vane with eyes that gleamed beneath her heavy eyelids with the narrow intentness of the emerald orbs belonging to her favorite white cat. She had never looked more as if she were silently following some malevolent design than when she watched the couple on the terrace on that moonlit night.

Enid very quickly made friends with Mr. Lepel—so quickly indeed that she was moved to confide some of her most private opinions to him before he had been much more than twenty-four hours at Beechfield Hall. It was apparent little Dick and his mother that the first confidence took place.

The whole party had been having tea under the great beech-tree on the lawn, and after a time Enid and Hubert were left alone by the others. They chatted gaily together, he answering her eager questions about London and Paris and Berlin, she catechising him with an eagerness which amused and interested him. Presently they saw Dick running towards them across the lawn. A white figure at one of the windows on the terrace, a call to the boy, and Dick's wild career was arrested. He stood still for a moment, then turned slowly towards the house, breaking into a childish wail of grief as he did so. Hubert stopped short in the sentence that he was addressing to his young cousin, and looked after the boy.

"What is the matter with the poor little chap?" he asked.

"Enid's eyes were fixed anxiously upon the window where the white figure had appeared.

"Florence called him," she said, in a very small voice.

"And why should the fact of his mother's calling him make him cry?"

"Florence thinks it best to be strict," said Enid, still with unnatural firmness of manner. "It is running away from his nurse now, I know; and I suppose he will be sent to bed directly after tea for doing so—as he was yesterday."

"Was he? Poor little beggar! Was that the reason why he looked so miserable and you were all so solemn? What had he done?"

"He came into the drawing-room without permission. He was let off very easily because you were there, but I have known his mother to punish him severely for doing so."

"Sun, good heavens," said Hubert, rising from his seat and leaning against the trunk of a beech-tree, while he looked down at Enid with an expression of utter perplexity, "what on earth should the child have so little freedom; and why should Florence be so hard on him! She must be aware that it was never right for children, but she was too indolent to be severe. Was not that your experience of her when you were a child?"

"Yes," said Enid, but too hesitatingly to give Hubert all the assurance that he wished for—"yes; she did not take much trouble about what I did. It is different with her own child."

"Surely she loves her own child better than she loved other children—better even than you!" said Hubert, with the soft tones and look that turned the words into a compliment. "It is natural in a mother."

"One would think so," said the girl. Then, as it moved by a sudden impulse, she spoke hurriedly, with her beautiful eyes full of tears. "Oh, cousin Hubert"—it was thus that she had addressed him ever since he had gone too far, had said something of which he did not approve, and she tried, in her naïve unconsciousness of ill, to put the matter straight.

"But I have seen very happy," she said earnestly. "Florence has always been kind, and dear mamma herself could not have done more for me. It is only that she seems cold and severe with Dick—. Dear cousin Hubert, I hope you are not angry with me for saying what I have said about your sister!"

He was obliged to look at her when she addressed him thus directly. She was surprised by the expression of pain—bitter humiliating pain—upon his handsome face. Was sympathy for loss, she wondered, or grief for little Dick's position, or distress at her accusation of Florence that had brought it there? Was it look of positive anguish? She could not tell.

"Angry!" he said, stretching out his hand and laying it tenderly on her own, while that pain in his eyes softened into a melancholy as inscrutable as the pain. "Could I ever be angry with you, Enid? Poor little lonely motherless child! Heavens forgive, if I could protect you from sorrow or pain henceforward, I would do so at the cost of my life!"

He withdrew his hand and walked away somewhat abruptly, without once looking round. Enid remained where he had left her, pale with the unusual excitement he had felt, that was neither joy nor fear, but which partook of both.

CHAPTER XII.

Hubert felt that he had been betrayed into displaying an excess of emotion very foreign to the character of the cynic and the worldling which he was desirous to assume. Circumstances, he told himself, had been too strong for him. Even at the price of making a study for a novel of poor little Enid's personality and how could he ever seriously have thought of such a thing?—he must not risk close intercourse with her. Her innocent allusions to the past, her guileless confidence in himself, wrung his heart with shame and dismay. When he left her, he wandered away to the other side of the sheet of water in front of the house, until he came to a small plantation on the side of the hill which rose from the water's edge. He had not been there for years, and yet he had not forgotten a single turning in the narrow pathways which ran obviously between the fir-tree shrubs; the memory of the little open glade in the centre of the tiny wood had never lost its terrible distinctness. Sometimes when he closed his eyes, he could see every detail of the scene, every branch of the fir-trees against the darkening sky, every rise or depression in the mossy ground. The very scent of the woods gave him a sickening sensation; the crunch of a broken twig made him turn pale with the horror of a quick remembrance. As it was in the fir wood that Sydney Vane had been found murdered—if was in the fir wood that Hubert Lepel had first felt that his hand was red with his cousin's blood.

He had not at first felt the horror of his deed. He told himself again and again that he had been justified in what he did. He had punished a man for a base and craven act; he had challenged him and met him in a fair fight. By all the laws of honor he considered himself justified. It was better that Marion Vane's heart should be broken by her husband's death than by the news that he had deserted her. It was better that Enid should think of her father as a saint and martyr than as a profligate whose hand no honest man or woman could care to hold. Hubert Lepel sternly told himself that he had done good and not evil in ridding the earth of a thoroughly bad man like Sydney Vane. If he had thought of consequences, the deed and its motive, he felt that he could almost have gloried in it; but how to confess what he had done? At the first moment of all he had refrained, in terrible fear of implicating Florence, not knowing how far she would be mistress of herself; then, when he saw that she was well able to defend her own reputation and that he might confess the truth without bringing in her name at all—why, then he hesitated and found that his courage had deserted him. Florence entreated him to conceal his act. He remembered that Sydney Vane had always forced him to use weapons—a course which Hubert himself would never have suggested; and it was fatally easy to let things take their course. He hoped, in his youthful ignorance of the laws of circumstantial evidence, that the jury would bring in a verdict of suicide. When this hope was destroyed, he still thought that the matter could be left a mystery—so many mysteries were never cleared up at all! He was horrified when suspicion fell upon poor Westwood, a poacher who had been vowing vengeance on Sydney Vane for the past three months.

To the very end of the trial he hoped that Westwood would be acquitted. When he had been condemned, Hubert vowed to himself that at any rate no man should suffer death in his place. If no reprieve could be obtained, a commutation of the sentence, he would speak out and send Andrew Westwood free. The message of mercy came only just in time. He was on the very point of delivering himself up to justice when news arrived that Westwood's death sentence had been commuted to one of imprisonment for life. Did that make things any better? Hubert thought that it did. And his heart failed him—he could not bear the thought of public disgrace, condemnation, punishment. He knew himself to be a coward and a villain, and yet he could not bring himself to tell the truth. When Miss Vane accused him of heartlessness because he explained his pallor by saying that he had spent the previous evening with friends, he was in reality suffering from the depression consequent on several nights of sleepless agony of mind. He was not silent for his own sake alone. He was afraid of implicating Flossy, the woman to whom Sydney Vane had proposed love and about whom he had quarrelled with her brother. It was Flossy's share in the matter which sealed his lips; and from the moment of his conversation with Florence at the library window his mind was made up. He had gone too far to draw back—Andrew Westwood must bear his fate. Lifelong imprisonment scarcely seemed more terrible to Hubert Lepel just then than the life sentence of remorse which he had brought on his own head.

Since those days his heart had grown harder. He had resolved to fight down his old tender secret consciousness of guilt which pursued him night and day—to live his own life, in spite of the haunting sense that he had sacrificed all that really made his life worth living. It was striving hard, as he said to Florence, to cast the past behind him, to live as if he were what he had been before he bore about with him the shadow of a crime.

But, in the very first endeavor which Hubert Lepel made to act as if the past was done away with, he was brought face to face with it again, and made to feel as he had seldom felt before that he had wronged not only those who were dead, but those who were living—for he had let Florence become the wife of a man, the mother of a child, whom she did not love, and he had left the girl whom his own hand had made fatherless to Florence's care. Up to Westwood's child, she was in worse case than Enid Vane, for she was not only orphaned but nameless perhaps, and lost to all that was good and pure.

He thought of this as he stood in the fir wood, surveying the scene of his crime. He was improved since he had taken place; and, as the memory of it grew upon him, he cast himself down on the mossy ground and sobbed aloud. He had not shed a tear for years, and such as came now were few and painful and bitter as gall; but they would not be repressed. It was strange, even to himself, that he should be so beaten down by a little thing—a child's simple words about her mother, a moment's loneliness in the wood where her father had met his death. The world would scarcely have recognized him, the cold, subtle, polished, keen-witted *flaneur*, the witty man of letters, critic, traveler, playwright, novelist, all in one, in that crushed figure beneath the firs, with head bowed down, hands clutched in agony, muscular frame shaken by the violence of convulsive sobs. The convicted sinner, the penitent, had nothing in common with Hubert Lepel, as known to the world at large.

Presently he came to himself a little and sat up, with his hands clasped round his knees. Some strange thoughts visited him in those quiet moments. Was it by chance that he attempt to brave life out? What if he acknowledged the truth and cleared poor Westwood's name? England would ring from end to end with horror at his baseness. What of that if, by confessing, he could lay to rest the terrors that at times took hold of his guilty soul—terrors, not of death, but of what comes after death—terrors of life and the doom of baseness reserved for the soul that will be base, in the grovelling fear of heart and mind for the man who said, "Evil, be thou my good!" He was not one who could bear as yet to think of moral death without a shiver. He had fallen, and had sinned; but, for his misery and his punishment, his soul was not yet dead. What then if he should give himself up to justice after all? It seemed to him, in that moment of solitude, that only by so doing could he regain the freedom of mind, the peace of conscience which he had now forfeited, perhaps for ever.

He sat thinking of the possibilities of life opening out before him, and decided that he could give them up without a pang. But there were persons to be thought of beside himself. To his relatives, to the relatives of the murdered man, the discovery of the truth would be a terrible shock. There was no person—except that missing girl, of whom he dared scarcely think—who could benefit by the clearing of Andrew Westwood's name. The only gain that would accrue from his confession would be, he considered, a subject's gain to himself. Abstract justice would be done, no doubt, and Westwood's character would be cleared; but that was all. He ought to have spoken earlier if he meant to do good by speaking. Confession, he said to himself, would be self-indulgence now.

(To be Continued.)

Not Allowed to Either Ride or Walk.

Station Master—Come, come, my good man. You mustn't walk on the track.

Tramp (offhand)—The conductor says I can't ride, and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway.—*Lowell Mail.*

New in the Business.

Old Lady—Do you keep balsam of fir, young man?

New Drug Clerk—No, ma'am the fur store is two doors down the street.

A Front-Door Episode.

He—Good evening!

Milkman—Good morning!

Fortunate Johnny.

Mrs. Skinnphint—Joslah, don't you think Johnny's hair needs cutting?

Mr. Skinnphlint (looking up from his paper)—How long is it till Christmas!

"A little over five weeks."

(Resuming his paper)—"All right, I'll give him a hair cut for a Christmas present."

Additional Inducement

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"No, indeed. She's awful near-sighted."

On the Way.

"I understand that you are quite gone on Miss Wood."

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CHAPTER XXII.

Hugh Cameron had ridden away from Brancepeth on that gray autumn morning without any presentiment of the trouble in store for him and with thoughts of nothing less pleasant than a ride with Stanley. He had not seen his father, who had breakfasted in his study on some plea of business, and Lady Sara seemed better, her maid told him, and thus Mr. Cameron's pallor and haggard looks had escaped his son's notice.

The young man looked very handsome and very happy as he turned his horse into a bridle-path through the park. He rode well and gracefully, and looked his best on horseback; while Miladi, the chestnut mare he rode, was his favorite mount, and had been a present from Miss Cameron.

The storm of wind and rain which had drenched Stanley Gerant's hair and bosom, and blown so fiercely upon her in her abandonment of grief, had swept some of the leaves from the trees and given an autumnal look to the landscape. Hugh gave a sigh of regret for the death of the summer which had been so fair, then smiled to think that the autumn would prove even a fairer season to him, since it would give him the hand of the girl he so dearly loved.

He was riding on quickly when the rain overtook him and began to fall in a smart shower; and almost at the same moment he saw a mounted groom, in Sir Humphrey's livery, riding towards him. At sight of Hugh the man pulled up, and produced a letter which he handed to him.

"There is no answer, sir," he said respectfully, and, without any further delay, turned his horse's head in the direction from which he had come.

"Are you going into the village, Hughes?" asked Hugh, glancing carelessly down at the letter, which was addressed in Sir Humphrey's familiar handwriting.

"Yes, sir," the groom answered, then added hurriedly, "my young lady is not very well, sir, and I have orders to call at Doctor Gibson's."

Hugh started and turned pale.

"Not well," he said hurriedly. "What is the matter? Nothing serious, I trust?"

"Oh, no, sir—I believe not!" the man replied promptly. "A cold, I think Miss Benson said—only a cold!"

Hugh drew a breath of relief as the groom rode away. He had not observed the puzzled look on the man's face; for it had been evident to the conclave assembled in the servants' hall at Elmcote that something was wrong. One of the housemaids, in whom Hughes took an unusual interest, had told him that Benson had found her young mistress very ill indeed that morning on entering her room; that the maid had rushed in terror for the old housekeeper; and that, although Stanley had persisted in being dressed, she had not come down to breakfast, and that Sir Humphrey had seemed most anxious and troubled. The groom was thinking of all these things as he rode away—thinking too of Eliza's strange assertion that the dress which Miss Stanley had worn on the previous evening was all spoilt with wet, and wondering if there was not a "screw loose somewhere," and something more the matter than "the cold" the housekeeper had spoken of.

Hugh broke the seal of the letter he held, Miladi standing quietly in the path. It was just as well that Hugh had pulled up to read the contents of Sir Humphrey's enclosure envelope; for, as his eyes glanced over the letter, the air seemed to grow dark around him and his face turned pale.

"Ain't going mad!" he muttered, passing his hand across his eyes with a troubled gesture. "I cannot have read it rightly!"

He had crumpled the letter in his hand in the first pang of agony which had followed its perusal; he unfolded it again now, smoothed out the creases with a steady hand, and once more read what Sir Humphrey had written.

"MY DEAR MR. CAMERON.—It is with the deepest regret that I write to put an end to the engagement between my daughter and yourself. My reason for so doing is an all-powerful one. It is possible that it is known to you; and, if that be so, you will understand my action in this matter. But, if, as I hope—otherwise my esteem for you must be a thing of the past—you are ignorant of any incentive for withdrawal from the promise given to you, I am not the right person to give you the explanation you have undoubtedly a right to expect, and I must decline to do so. I need hardly tell you that Miss Gerant and myself have suffered keenly in the performance of what we consider our plain duty, and that no good object can be obtained by a meeting which could only be painful to both; therefore I beg you will not ask for one.

"Yours very truly.

"HUMPHREY S. GERANT."

At the foot of the sheet of heavy cream-laid paper was added a line in Stanley's hand-writing:

"My father is right. Forgive and forget me!"

Having perused the letter a second and even a third time, Hugh Cameron sat staring fixedly at it as if fascinated; then, with a sudden, vehement movement, he crushed the paper into the pocket of his riding coat, and, putting spurs to Miladi, dashed onwards towards Eyncourt. A few minutes brought him to the hall door, which stood open; he sprang from his saddle, threw the reins to a servant, who, hearing his arrival, had come forward, and entered the house. A footman standing in the great hall, knowing no reason why Mr. Cameron should not be received as usual by his master, advanced to meet him as he entered.

"Sir Humphrey is in the library, sir," he said, respectfully, his face brightening at sight of Hugh, who was popular, for his own sake as well as Stanley's, with all the members of the large household.

"I will go to him," said Hugh, quietly. "No"—putting the man aside—"you need not announce me; I will announce myself."

He crossed the hall; and, as he entered the library, he saw at a glance that Sir Humphrey was its only occupant. The baronet was sitting by the hearth, on which a log-fire was burning, giving out a pleasant fragrance of pinewood; and at the sound of the roughly-opened door he raised his head with an expression of haughty surprise upon his handsome haggard face to see who the intruder was. At sight of Hugh the surprise changed to displeasure. He rose, drawing himself up to his full height and standing on the great black bear-skin before the hearth, and looked sternly at the young man, who came forward with his proud head erect and his eyes meeting Sir Humphrey's with an expression of proud defiance.

"I met your messenger, sir," he said haughtily. "He gave me your letter when I was on my way here."

"You read it?" Sir Humphrey asked proudly.

"I read it, and——"

"Then—pardon me for saying so—it must have been but inattentively, or you would have observed that I specially requested that you should not endeavor to obtain an interview which could only be painful to us both."

Hugh laughed scornfully.

"I am afraid during the time of our acquaintance you can have formed but a false estimate of my character, Sir Humphrey. If I have given you a reason to think me a man who would tamely submit to such an indignity as this, I must have deceived you grossly. I am not. You accepted me as your daughter's future husband; I spoke to you before I ventured to address her, and you assured me of your willingness to accept me as your son-in-law. That is not three months ago certainly; but during that time you have given me no hint of your intention of breaking your word; and this has found me unprepared.

He had spoken with suppressed passion, which was held in check only by a mighty effort of self-control. He was very pale; but even in his anxiety and distress of mind Sir Humphrey Gerant was struck by the young man's dignity of manner.

"I can give you no reason for my decision," said Sir Humphrey coldly. "That I have a grave one must be apparent to you, or I should not have written that letter. I reserve to myself the right to keep silence."

"I deny your right!" rejoined Hugh passionately. "You gave Stanley to me; you shall not take her from me without a word of explanation!"

Sir Humphrey was silent for a moment; it was not Hugh who spoke, he thought—it was his bitterness and sorrow in his heart.

"I have at least a right to courtesy under my own roof," said Stanley's father quietly. "Your presence here after the letter I wrote you is an intrusion, and I must ask you to go. I wrote truly when I told you in that letter that it was with pain that I had arrived at this decision; do not give me reason to believe that it should have been arrived at long ago."

Hugh controlled himself by a strong effort and gained some semblance of composure.

"I ask your pardon," he returned more calmly. "I spoke roughly; but a man does not wait to choose his words when suffering as I am now. Besides, I am bewildered; I cannot realize the fact that you wish to take back the word you gave me, and that—that"—his voice shaking despite all his efforts—"Stanley wishes to take back her promise also."

"Miss Gerant, having been made aware of circumstances of which we were ignorant, sees with me that she has no alternative," replied Sir Humphrey coldly.

"What circumstances?" exclaimed Hugh, in a hoarse tone, feeling as if he were beating himself against a rock as he looked at the proud cold face before him and met the stern unyielding eyes gleaming under the thick gray eyebrows.

"You know of none!" queried Sir Humphrey keenly.

"Of none, on my honor!"

Hugh looked very proud, straightforward and earnest as he uttered the words. Sir Humphrey's stern composure failed him for a moment. During the long hours of a sleepless night he had, after much restless deliberation, decided that the young man was aware of the secret of his birth, and he had begun to look upon him as base and false-hearted; but now he knew it was not so; and a feeling of reluctant pity softened his heart, because he saw that the young man's suffering was great and deep.

"You have a right to an explanation," said the old baronet, gravely. "I recognized your right in the letter I sent you this morning; but I told you then, and I repeat it now, that I am not the person who can give you an explanation."

"Who can then?" asked Hugh, impetuously. "Stanley?"

"Stanley! No, poor child; she is not without her share of this suffering!" replied Sir Humphrey, sadly. "Hugh," he added, more gently, "you know how dear my daughter is to me. Ask yourself whether I would inflict suffering upon her without a cause."

"I cannot think so," returned Hugh blankly. "And yet how can you expect me to bear this patiently? Is it so long since you loved her mother that you cannot understand what my love for her is like?"

Sir Humphrey's pale face grew paler—it was the very idea his daughter had used on the previous night.

"I love her so well that, if you can prove to me that it is for her good, for her happiness, I will give her up without another word" said the young man brokenly. "But she loves me—it will hurt her!"

His voice failed him. It was difficult to plead standing on the very spot on which he had stood but one short night ago and held her in his arms and looked into her eyes and felt her breath upon his cheek.

"It will hurt her, Heaven knows," Sir Humphrey acquiesced sadly, "and yet she agrees with me! She can never be your wife!"

"Why!" Hugh asked, looking at him with haggard eyes.

"Ask your father!" Sir Humphrey answered suddenly, almost involuntarily.

Hugh started.

"My father!" he repeated blankly. "My father—does he know?"

"He knows!"

At that moment the heavy door swung upon its hinges and opened slowly as Stanley entered. Advancing a few steps into the room, she raised her eyes, and, as she caught sight of her father and Hugh, the door slipped from her fingers and closed with a slam. Then the girl put her hand to her heart and stood motionless, looking at them both.

She was greatly changed. Years of mental suffering or an illness of many weeks' duration could not have altered her more than that one night of agony. Her face, even her lips, were colorless; there were dull circles at her eyes; her hair was pushed back from her face and plaited into one great plait which fell over her shoulder, its loose ends curling like rings of gold. She wore a loose gown of grayish-blue plush with wide sleeves which fell away from her slight arms. She looked worn and old and ill as, after a moment's pause, she advanced slowly up the room, her sunken weary eyes resting upon Hugh's face with a look of undefinable reproach.

"You are come!" she said, in a low tone so unlike her usual musical voice that the young man, who had seemed paralysed by her appearance, started and turned even paler than before. "Could you not spare me that?"

"You are ill!" he gasped. "You have been very ill!"

At the sound of his voice, tremulous, reproachful, Stanley began to tremble, and looked appealingly at her father. She had believed him to be alone in the library. Her one prayer since consciousness had revived in her, in response to the terrified efforts of the maid who had found her that morning, had been that she should not see Hugh lest her courage should fail. Sir Humphrey went to his daughter and took her cold hand in his, drawing her nearer to the fire. The red light of the room and the rich folds of her gown; but it did not touch her face, which looked almost death-like in the chill gray light of the autumn day.

"My daughter is not well," said Sir Humphrey quietly. "You will spare her, I am sure."

"She has not spared me!" replied Hugh bitterly, rousing himself from his stupefaction. "I have at least the right to hear my dismissal from her lips, Sir Humphrey. Stanley"—moving a step or two nearer to them—"am I to understand that you take back the promise you gave me—that you are false to your pledged word?"

The girl tried to speak—her face was convulsed with the torture of her soul—but no words came from her lips.

"Have you no manliness?" exclaimed Sir Humphrey passionately; while Hugh trembled with agony at sight of her emotion.

"I see!" he answered bitterly. "She has the courage to be false, but not the courage to see the effects of her falsehood. Stanley, you are a beautiful woman and a proud woman. It will scarcely be a pleasant reflection during the remainder of your days to think that your beauty and your pride have ruined my life for ever!"

Sir Humphrey drew her closer to his side and put his arm round her as her head fell heavily upon his shoulder and her face was hidden. Her left arm hung straight and heavy by her side; and Hugh saw that she no longer wore the hoop of diamonds which had grown so familiar in his eyes.

He looked at her for a moment, a bitter smile on his lips.

"I am going to ask my father for the solution of this enigma," he said hoarsely. "But you need not fear another intrusion; I am not so obtuse as not to understand that our engagement is at an end."

He turned away and moved towards the door; then he paused abruptly, and, turning back, took her cold hand in his. It did not tremble; it lay in his convulsive clasp passive as the fingers of the dead might have lain; and, when he released it, it fell to her side heavy and inert.

And thus they parted who had hoped to spend their lives together!

(To be continued.)

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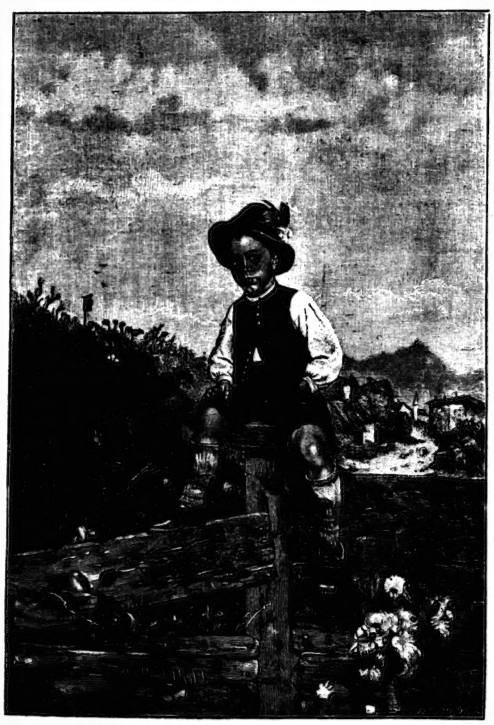

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Out of Town

BARRIE.

A very pleasant time was spent at Bellevue on Friday, November 29, when Mrs. Jonathan Henderson gave a small evening party for some young people. Those present were the Misses Mason, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss Cotter, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. W. and Miss Sory, Mr. H. Baird, Miss Gertie Flemming of Toronto, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. Coffee, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss Henderson, Mr. F. and Miss K. Stevenson and Mr. Lennox.

Mr. J. Mockeridge of the Bank of Toronto, on the eve of his departure for Gananoque, where he has been transferred, was given a farewell supper by some gentlemen last Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Mockeridge will be missed very much by their friends here.

Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. H. H. Strathy and family left last Monday morning for the Old Country. Their many friends wish them *bon voyage* and a pleasant sojourn on the continent.

Mrs. Hamilton Stewart has been visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mr. Allan Lloyd intends spending this winter in Florida.

Miss Hunt of Philadelphia, who has been visiting relatives in town, left on Saturday for Hamilton.

Mr. Geo. Crease spent a few days here recently. OCULAIRE.

Ladies' Work Depository.

This worthy charitable institution comes again to the front this winter with generous assistance to the deserving poor. A sale of work in aid of the Depository will be held at Association Hall, next Wednesday, December 11, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Five o'clock tea will be served and a musical programme given. The officers of the Depository are Mrs. W. R. McMurrich, president; Mrs. W. N. Miller and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, vice-presidents; Mrs. F. Arnoldi, treasurer; Mrs. Meifort Boulton, secretary. Such a deserving charity should be liberally patronized.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. George's church will hold their annual sale in St. George's school house on December 12 and 13 from 3 to 10 p.m. Afternoon tea will be served, and on Thursday evening there will be a conversazione with a musical programme. On Friday afternoon at 4 p.m. a children's tea party.

Destroying the Illusion.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was once the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of somewhat sentimental temperament, said, among other things, that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetic indeed.

"My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel on the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it in a wagon without any springs, then seat yourself on the stool, and have it driven over rocky and uneven ground, during the hottest weather of July or August, after you have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

An Irish Bull.

O'Flaherty—Arrah, Biddy, that's a power o' gowsin' about a trifle. What wud ye do if ye's had a fatal illness? Bedad, I belave ye'd die!

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PUBLIC DEBATE

Thursday Evening, Dec. 13

The 34th Public Debate and Conversazione will be held at Osgoode Hall next Friday evening. Dancing in Convocation Hall at the conclusion of the debate. Corlett's String Band has been engaged for the occasion. The invitation is are strictly limited in number, and will be issued only to members of the Society, each member being entitled to three (3) on payment of $1. They may be obtained from Mr. Lee (Moss & Co.), Mr. Nicol (McCarthy & Co.), or from Mr. Drayton (Lount & Marsh).

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NOTICE.

A general meeting of the shareholders of the SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED) will be held at the offices of the said Company on

Wednesday, December 11, 1889

AT THREE O'CLOCK P.M.,

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The Battle of Gettysburg has this week attracted many people to the Cyclorama building. The painting is of even greater interest to Canadians than Sedan.

Mr. J. F. Armand of 407 Yonge street, the Parisian hair dresser, having lately returned from a visit to New York, has all the latest fashions in both French and American styles.

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MACLAREN—At Alexandria, Ont., on December 1, Mrs. David Maclaren—a son.
MABEE—At Stratford, on November 24, Mrs. J. P. Mabee—a son.
WILSON—At Toronto, on December 2, Mrs. G. L. Wilson—a son.
NETTLETON—At Toronto, on November 29, Mrs. Chas. Nettleton—a son.
BOWMAN—At Toronto, on November 17, Mrs. W. Bowman—a son.
KEATING—At Penetanguishene, on December 1, Mrs. Walter J. Keating—a daughter.
ROSS—At Toronto, on November 26, Mrs. Douglas A. Ross—a son.
LEE—At Toronto, on November 22, Mrs. J. W. Lee—a son.
MADDISON—At Toronto, on November 27, Mrs. Charles E. Maddison—a daughter.
BARLEE—At Lakefield, on November 27, Mrs. F. R. S. Barlee—a daughter.
HALLIDAY—At Toronto, on November 29, Mrs. Joseph Halliday—a son.
COTTON—At Lambton Mills, on November 29, Mrs. John Cotton—a son.
WILLIAMSON—At Toronto, on December 3, Mrs. T. G. Williamson—a daughter.

Marriages.

CANNING—COCKFIELD—At Montreal, on November 27, Archille B. Canning of Toronto, to Annie Cockfield of Montreal.
DUNSEATH—GILBERT—At Toronto, on November 28, John Gilbert to Agnes Dunseath, both of Toronto.
HODGSON—WHITE—At Montreal, on November 28, Charles J. Hodgson to Jean McIntyre White.
CROSSMAN—ERNST—At London, on November 27, Elwin A. Crossman, jun., to Annie Cecelia Ernst.
SMITH—HANCOCK—At Toronto, John Edwin Smith of Grimsby, England, to Flora Blanche Hancock of Toronto.
HAYDEN—STONE—At Toronto, on November 29, J. F. W. Hayden to Gertrude E. Stone.
BARBOUR—BROWN—At Edinburgh, on November 27, Dr. Alexander Hugh Freeland Barbour to Margaret Brown.
FRASER—RITCHIE—At Toronto, on November 28, Robert Fraser to Maggie Ritchie.
WATTS—BULEY—At Toronto, on November 27, A. P. Watts to Fanny Buley, both of Toronto.
PURVIS—HARWOOD—At Toronto, on November 27, Arthur Purvis to Annie Harwood, both of Toronto.
BONNALIE—ALPORT—At Toronto, on December 3, John R. Bonnalie of California, to Isabelle Agnes Alport of Buffalo, N. Y.
FITCH—MAIN—At Trinity Church, Galt, on December 3, by Rev. John Ridley, rector, assisted by Rev. James Thompson, curate, Clarence Russell Fitch, barrister-at-law of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to Mary Ida, daughter of the late Henry Main of Galt.
SHIELDS—DEMPSTER—At Toronto, on November 29, William Shields to Maggie Dempster.

Deaths.

ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on December 1, Gordon Campbell, only son of William and Julia Robertson, aged 2 years.
BENSON—At Windsor, Ont., on December 3, Wm. Benson, aged 77 years.
RANSBY—On December 1, Sarah Ransby, aged 12 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, on November 28, Benjamin Taylor.
HARVEY—At St. Catharines, on November 29, Mrs. S. Harvey, aged 66 years.
LINSEY—At Hornby, on December 2, Mrs. David Lindsey, aged 57 years.
FERGUSON—At Cookstown, on December 2, Isaac Ferguson, aged 58 years.
STEVENS—At Newmarket, on November 30, Libbie Stevens.
BARKER—At Toronto, on December 2, Thos. H. Barker, aged 21 years.
CHISHOLM—At Oakville, on November 28, W. B. Chisholm, aged 45 years.
HILL—At Brighton, England, on November 22, Mary Margaret Hill.
TOMMES—At Toronto, on November 21, Willie Tommes, youngest son of the late Arthur Tommes of Omaru, New Zealand.
WOODRUFF—At Niagara Falls, on November 30, Joseph C. Woodruff, aged 81 years.
WRIGHT—At Tuscarora, Ont., on November 22, Mrs. Stewart Wright, aged 60 years.
NORRIS—At London, Ont., on November 23, Frank Cooke Norris, aged 29 years.
BLACK—At St. Thomas, on November 28, Mrs. Mary Black.
SCOTT—At Toronto, on December 4, Mrs. Mary Ann Scott, aged 69 years.
MALLOY—At Purpleville, on December 4, Alexander Malloy.
SANDILANDS—At Toronto, on December 3, Mrs James Sandilands.
WHEATON—At Toronto, on December 4, James F. Wheaton, aged 28 years.
SWEATMAN—At Toronto, on December 4, Mary Millicent St. Alban, younger child of the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, aged 1 year.
VICKERS—At Owen Sound, on November 21, Thomas Allan Vickers, aged 28 years.

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